



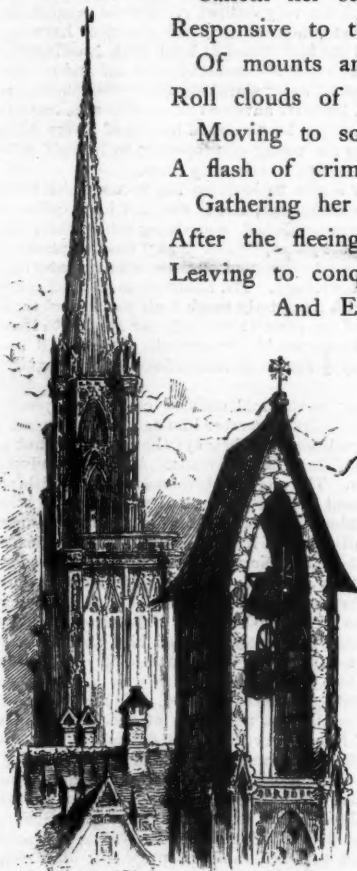
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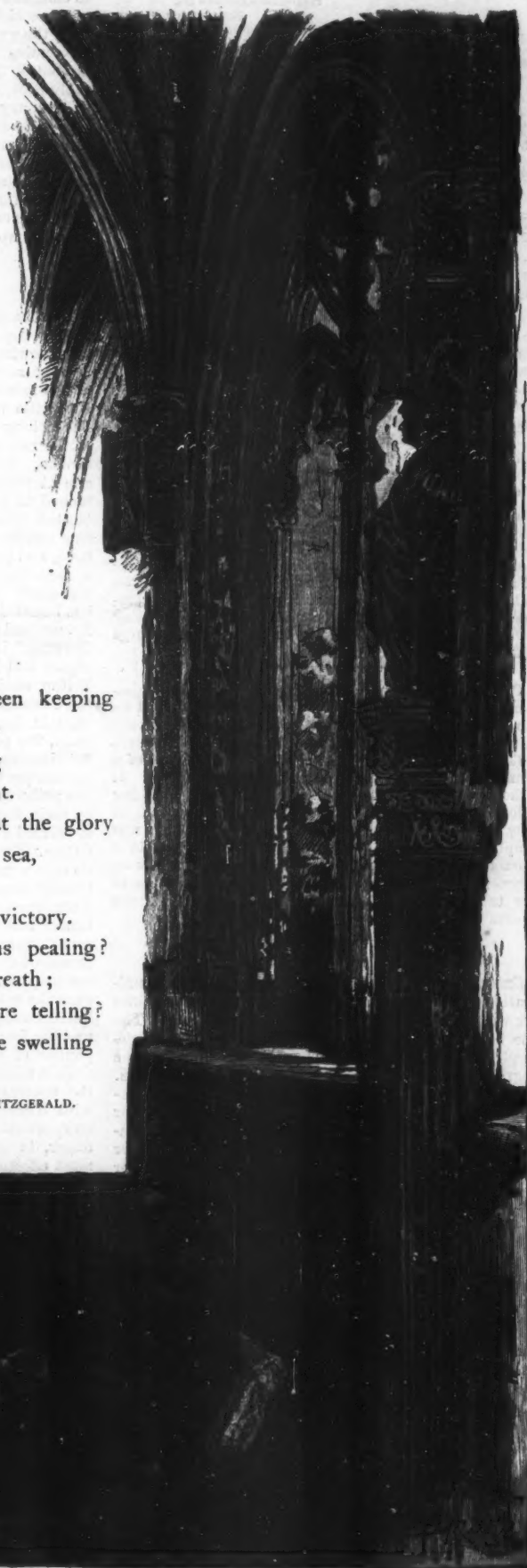
EASTER MORNING

A VOICEFUL silence fills the fleeting Night;
A noteless song is quivering through the air;
The daughter of the sea-god, Silvery Dawn,
Calleth her scattered forces to draw near.
Responsive to the summons from the top
Of mounts and depths of vales, and from the sea,
Roll clouds of faintest opal, pearl and gray,
Moving to sounds of shadowy minstrelsy.
A flash of crimson bursts from out the East;
Gathering her fleecy columns flies the Dawn,
After the fleeing host of Night she flies,
Leaving to conquering Morn the reddening skies,
And Easter Day is born.



On earth the faithful have their watch been keeping
For forty weary days and weary nights
In sackcloth and in ashes; bitter weeping
Turn they away from this celestial light.
They do not know—how could they?—that the glory
Shedding a golden light o'er land and sea,
Is the reflection of the angels' story
That CHRIST o'er Death has won the victory.
The Easter bells, what means their joyous pealing?
You seem to draw it in with every breath;
What means this song angels and men are telling?
Ring bells! Sing people! Every glad note swelling
Is the death-knell of Death.

EDITH FITZGERALD.



OUR CONTINENT,

AN ILLUSTRATED LITERARY WEEKLY—PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

CONDUCTED BY
ALBION W. TOURGÉE,ASSISTED BY
DANIEL G. BRINTON and ROBERT S. DAVIS.

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 12, 1882.

A CONTEMPORARY in discussing the amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which has been proposed, so as to allow the election of postmasters and other officers whose duties are local, by the people of the different States, remarks that while this seems to be a movement in the direction of democratic government, it is only apparently so, for "there is a difference between government and administration!" Then it may be quite possible to harmonize a republican government and a monarchical administration.

"UNDER GREEN APPLE BOUGHS," the splendid serial which opened in our first number, is even more than justifying its promise. Mrs. Campbell's previous works, but especially the latest, "Unto the Third and Fourth Generation," had already marked her out as destined to hold one of the highest places in American fiction. But from that to her present work the interval is very great. Many passages in this fully justify the praise of a discriminating critic, that "they are fully equal to the best that George Eliot ever did."

ONE of our exchanges in formulating some mild objections to "OUR CONTINENT," says that "it is pitched on too high a key of artistic and literary excellence to suit the taste of the masses of the American people." We don't believe it. It would be just as reasonable to speak of a dinner being too good for ordinary people to enjoy. If "the masses of the American people" want anything below the very best we have sadly misjudged them. If they have ever been content with less we believe it was simply because the best was not put before them in a suitable form. Until convinced of our error by a lack of appreciation and support we shall stubbornly adhere to our theory that the best is none too good for "the masses" of American readers.

More Celestial Music.

SINCE our last issue the wisdom of the Chinese immigration legislation, which is yet pending as these lines are written, has received two new illustrations. The one is the position taken by Senator George of Mississippi, to the effect that the same principle applies to the negro in Mississippi, as to the Mongolian in California. Some of the Republican Senators and a great many Republican papers, have taken Senator George to task for this, no doubt too frank argument in favor of the measure. The rebukes which they attempt to administer are based on distinctions which are either irrelevant or fanciful. It is said that the negro is a citizen and the Chinaman is not; yet the "inalienable rights" of the Constitution do not depend on citizenship. It is said too that the negroes are a majority in Mississippi and the Chinamen are few in California. Yet right does not depend on numbers. "One with God is a majority." It is hard to see how Mr. George is wrong if the bill is right. The bill is based on two principles, so called. First, that the country belongs to the Caucasian race and the Caucasian has the right to protect himself against the admixture, competition or co-occupancy of another race which is claimed to be its inferior. This is precisely the position the whites of the South have always taken in regard to slavery. They have claimed to be the superior race by whom this government was formed and to have the inherent right to defend themselves against the encroachments of an inferior race. If these doctrines be true the fact that certain rights have been conferred upon the negroes and not upon the Mongolians can hardly affect the question, for in that case, such rights must have been granted in subversion and disregard of the higher right of the superior race. Of all the advocates of the bill who have spoken thus far,

we regard Senator George as the most logical, sincere and honest.

Another illustration of this principle comes from the Mahanoy valley in Pennsylvania. We are told by the local papers that some time since this region was overrun by a horde of barbarous and degraded Hungarians, who in defiance of all law and custom in the region aforesaid, persist in hordeing together just like the Chinese; living on cheap food and little of it; and working for wages that makes it quite impossible for a native American or a self-respecting son of Erin, to compete with them. They are said to be a very inferior race; more of them are coming every day and they bid fair to take the land, do all the work and drive out the present pre-emptors of labor in the classic valley of the Mahanoy, to the lasting damage of civilization and the injury and degradation of that superior race which has a divine right to rule itself and "the rest of creation." By all means let the Huns be added to the pending bill. Or if it be necessary to have a treaty to precede it let us have the treaty at once. Austria don't want her Huns to emigrate any more than the inhabitants of the Mahanoy coal fields wish to see them coming here.

By the way, is it quite a sure thing that the Jews who are coming here from Russia are not getting into the fire out of the frying pan? They are said to be miserably poor, very degraded, accustomed to work, inclined to economy and anxious to get on. If they should happen to do more work for less money than their more fortunate predecessors feel inclined to do, would we not have to modify our Russian treaties and insist on the Czar keeping or killing his own Jews? There can be no doubt that the principle underlying the anti-Chinese crusade is one of very wide application and its general adoption would produce some startling results.

ALBION W. TOURGÉE.

A New "Dorking."

NOT many years ago, a shrewd English writer appreciating the effect of insularity upon his countrymen and knowing that the great bugbear of British tradition was the never-dying fear of invasion, threw the whole nation into a quaking ague of apprehension by a realistic little volume entitled "The Battle of Dorking." For a long time Dorking was a word of terror. Cold thrills ran along every English marrow when it was spoken. The well-known barn-door fowls of that name almost went into disgrace because of the terrors attached to it. It is strange that the name was not blotted from the map by act of Parliament. Of this fear sundry "Dictators" and "Dreadnaughts" were born, and then the little island relapsed once more into a security. Ever since Caesar crossed the Channel, the ghost of a possible successor, it is well known, has haunted the side of the island that "lieth toward France and the septentrion sea." Since the "Battle of Dorking" it had not been abroad however, and the nights had been wholesome even to the most timid Briton, until of late the project of a tunnel underneath the Channel has been broached. Now, it stalks forth even in daylight, and all England discusses at high noon, the perils of a possible irruption of frog-eaters, betwixt sun and sun, crowding the dim arches of the yet unexcavated tunnel and entering England through the pathway her own greed hath prompted to be opened to their feet. The thought was horror! For a time it seemed as if the island quaked on its sea-girt foundation. Now, it is said that "Apprehension is allayed." So says a special cablegram from London. If there could be any funnier thought than that of England staring with horrible apprehension into the darkness of a tunnel mouth measuring ten feet by twenty, it is the consideration of the needlessness of this terror. The means of destroying a tunnel by those holding one end are so perfect and complete, that it is a wonder that even the most insular of Englishmen should have been brave enough to face the ridicule that should have met the first hint of danger from that source. A few pounds of nitro-glycerine buried above the proposed arch in mid-channel, or if deemed necessary hidden in the masonry at convenient distances and connected with Windsor Palace by a wire scarcely larger than a hair, would make it possible for the Queen's little finger, in the twinkling of an eye to bar the tunnel most effectually by filling its chambers with the waves of the sea.

England need not fear for her insularity. Just now it is her greatest danger, and she is more likely to be destroyed by its power than live to mourn the loss of it.

ALBION W. TOURGÉE.

MR. BRADLAUGH's persistency is sure to break down sooner or later the barriers of prejudice and bigotry that still hedge about even the popular branch of Parliament. He bids fair to add another name to that list of unbelievers to whom religious liberty owes so much. As toleration springs from diversity of faith so a lack of all belief becomes the touchstone which reveals an absurd bigotry which like the toad "squat at the ear of Eve," needs only to be revealed to be abhorred. After all, it is as good a use as could possibly be made of the cantankerous Bradlaugh. He is no doubt a bad lot. Few men have a better faculty for winning the contempt of all right-minded people. But underneath the man is the principle which he happens to represent. Whether a constituency is to be disfranchised because of the religious belief or lack of belief of the representative it may choose is the question to be decided.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF SIDNEY LANIER.

BY PROF. DANIEL C. GILMAN.

Sidney Lanier, who died a short time ago, not quite forty years old, was a native of Georgia, who spent the last few years of his life in Baltimore. He was one of the poets who are born, not made, and possessed in a rare degree the power to gather lessons from the scenes of nature and to consider real or possible his own ideal conceptions even in matters which pertained to every-day life.

My own acquaintance with him began in 1876, when he came before the country as a poet "from the South," chosen to write an ode for the opening of the Centennial Exhibition, as Whittier was chosen "from the North" to write a hymn. His quaint stanzas, almost archaic in aspect, were given to the newspapers long before the day arrived on which they were to be sung, and were rudely commented on by most of the critics, who found a cantata hard to read and harder still to understand. It presently appeared that his purpose in writing it had not been understood. He had written that which was to be sung on a national festival by a great chorus, in the open air before an immense audience. He had worked with the musical composer, not for him, and their joint endeavor had been to combine the power of music and poetry in producing one strong effect. This was not to be accomplished by familiar airs like "Old Hundred" or "Auld Lang Syne," which however badly rendered may move an audience by their associations, but new words and new measures were to be employed on an occasion which was itself a novelty.

Lanier felt called upon to explain and defend (in advance of their being sung) the theory on which his lines were written, and when the hour of performance came many of the assembly were more curious to hear his cantata than to see the Emperor of Brazil or to listen to the eloquence of the speeches of the day.

The effect was superb. Chorus, orchestra and solos did their parts well, and the whole performance was impressive in the highest degree. I do not know whether the poet was present, but if he were he must have felt a modest satisfaction at this vindication.

I have often thought that this matter brought out Lanier's characteristics very distinctly. He was a musician as well as a poet (understanding the theory of harmony and playing on one instrument at least with consummate skill), so that he wrote his cantata for the ear and not the eye. He was brave, never shrinking from obedience to his own judgment, however adverse the opposition he met. If he was not a genius he possessed talents of a very high order, including the power of proposing to himself difficulties and proceeding to overcome them.

Readers now began to look up his poems which were scattered in the magazines, and it was not long before a little volume was published, containing with others his two more elaborate pieces, "Corn" and "The Symphony."

I do not propose to comment on these or on his later and yet uncollected writings. Mr. Stedman in a brief essay has sketched with a masterly touch their merits and their deficiencies, and has shown how the latter are due to limitations which Lanier could not control. Others will undoubtedly analyze his work and estimate its permanent value.

Whatever may be the final estimate of Lanier's poetry his friends will always remember him as a man of remarkable personal qualities. In their eyes he was as valiant a knight as any at King Arthur's court. All sorts of adversities beset him. The civil war involved him in hardships and imprisonment just as he entered manhood; he was obliged to abandon his chosen profession, the law, because of pulmonary disease; he left his early home and friends to find a new abode in a Northern city, where he hoped to earn a support by his pen; the moderate income thus received he increased by lecturing, teaching and playing the flute in the Peabody Orchestra of Baltimore; sharp attacks of disease frequently disabled him, and he bore, even in his best days, the consciousness of a malady for which no cure was promised.

But his gallant spirit never wavered. He met each new obstacle with the cheerful resolution of one who regards the business of life as the conquest of difficulties. Disappointment, unfair criticism, the lack of money, bodily suffering, even the approach of death did not dismay him. He seemed to live above the evils of life in a realm of ideal serenity. He dwelt with Chaucer and Spenser and Shakespeare; he listened to Æschylus and Sophocles, to Dante and Milton and to David and the prophets; his living friends were those who had most sympathy with the best in art and literature; his domestic life was a perpetual solace; his faith in the Divine government was never shaken. He thus made a strong impression on every one who met him. They loved him for his enthusiasm toward all that was lofty and noble, and for his indifference to circumstances by which most men are cast down; they were fascinated by his devotion to literature, music, art, education and by his unmeasured praise not only of the great writers but of those who are masters in departments like mathematics and physics, remote from his usual studies, but whose methods and results he could appreciate.

He died just as his intellectual powers seemed ripe. He had acquired the precious art of prolonged exertion; he had well surveyed the literature of other lands and of other times; he had marked out for himself great undertakings, for which he had begun elaborate studies, and it was a sore disappointment to all who admire him when the bright flame flickered and finally expired, his life work just begun.

GAIL HAMILTON is after the Chinese. John might stand having his pig-tail amputated, but to have Gail after him, with her notions of the Scripture in one hand and the laws passed to prohibit the slave-trade in the other, is certainly a "cruel and unusual punishment," and as such within the ban of the Constitution.

A SPRING SALAD.

BROAD, crisp, poppy-flavored leaves, salt, mollifying oil and pungent relishes, tossed lightly together and you have the dish that more than any other smacks of the Spring time. Our leaves kind friends have furnished, and for that matter the better part of the flavor too.

Poetry cometh up in the Spring time just as naturally as weeds and flowers. "As the days lengthen the poets strengthen," to paraphrase an old saying, and multiply too. The author of "Vernal Sounds," in an adjacent column, whose love of nature has made him an interpreter of her mysteries in one of the noblest of our universities, goes reverently into her temple with prose on his lips. To him Spring is a holy thing—

"To be approached and touched with serious fear
With hands made pure and heart of faith severe,
Like to the priesthood of the One Divine."

He has noted for us the wonderful outburst of sound—the ever increasing chorus of animal life that welcomes in the Spring.

Vernal Sounds.

WHEN the dandelion, brightest of all Spring flowers, has smiled her first glad welcome; when the hazels and alders have tasseled into beauty; when the trailing arbutus peeps from its covering of leaves, and the hepatica laughs on the hillside, it is pleasant to sit by some forest brook and listen to the various sounds of life.

If one is reasonably quiet and attunes himself to the scene, the little toad chorister will open his merry throat. One after another the singers will join the anthem until the whole neighboring swamp resounds with praise. The frogs, too, will contribute their deep base to the chorus or sing lugubrious solos from the ponds. Above, in the bluest of skies, where the clouds begin to assume the fleecy forms of summer, the birds gayly warble, the drowsy hum of bees is heard employed thus early in their constant work of gain. We love these velvet-coated toilers, and they never molest us. Occasionally a butterfly brushes one's face with his gaudy pinions. Perhaps they, too, have sounds known to each other, but they do not reach our less sensitive ears.

"The cock's shrill trump that tells of scattered corn,
Passed lightly on by all his flapping mates,
Faint and more faint from barn to barn is borne
Southward, perhaps to far Magellan Straits."

The glad voices of children are softest to us from the woods, where they seek the early flowers, and the barking of their faithful dog as he plunges into the water.

But there are other noises, not so distinct, which may yet be detected by a sensitive ear. The very buds sing themselves into life, and the baby leaves clap their hands in joy. "It is pleasant to lie," says Thoreau, "with our heads so low in the grass, and hear what a tinkling, ever-busy laboratory it is. A thousand little artisans beat on their anvils all night long." Those who have never tried this experiment will be astonished at the multitude of unexplained sounds which will salute them when thus recumbent. It is impossible to say what they all mean, but that they have a significance is most certain. They may be caused by the porous earth settling into place, by insects or worms burrowing within it, or who can tell if there is not indeed a truth in the sweet old tales of fancy, that gnomes or kobolds ply their trade below us. We have ere now mistaken the painted hood of the skunk-cabbage for the head-gear of a sprite. Then do we long for the power of Fine Ear in the old story, or of Argus in Grecian myth to detect the wonders of this inner world. Perhaps to the eye of faith or fancy the cuticle of the earth may be transparent, and by vigil and prayer we may yet be enabled to penetrate its mysteries.

Among the sounds of Spring there is none sweeter than the laughing melody of the rills as they dance over the pebbles, here cascading into boisterous merriment, there rippling into peaceful repose. Surely to him who has music in himself there is a "concert of sweet sounds" in the vernal woods, more harmonious and inspiring than even in the written symphonies of the sublimest composers.

W. WHITMAN BAILEY.

The Professor has forgotten to note, however that at that season poets multiply faster than frogs and often pipe notes of even less variety. Editors' faces lengthen with the days too, for they know that a region of poetical low-pressure is moving toward them which will make life miserable until the dog-days come to smother with their heat the fire of poetry—though now and then they brighten, for even Spring poetry has its redeeming features. Such is the pretty poem on "A New Suit" which appears below. The voice of the "Old Clo' Man" is heard in the land about this time, even more frequently and much more urgent in its tones, than that of the cuckoo. When Nature puts on a new suit humanity must perforce follow suit; so the demand for "A Spring Suit" is universal, and she who puts it into verse is entitled to our thanks.

A New Suit.

DAME Nature has spoiled her twelve children, I fear,
By letting them do as they please all the year;
From May to December not one half behaves,
Not one but goes off into tantrums and raves.

One morning woke April, the cross little pet,
With a frown and a pout and her blue eyes all wet,
And soundly berated her blessed old mother
For being so partial to March, her wild brother.

'Tis a fact he had sat in the old lady's lap
Four weeks on a stretch, taking hardly a nap;
Not even a day had she had to herself;
So all the Spring sewing was still "on the shelf."

The suit for the little imperious queen
Was lying untouched in its wrappings of green;
And oh, what vexation can ever compare
With the horrible feeling of "nothing to wear!"

"I'd like to know why," this young sinner cried,
"That it's always my work that's thrown to one side;
While I am rigged out in the duds that remain
From winter's old wardrobe, all faded with rain!"
"Just hear the bird orchestra getting in tune!
"They may as well put off their concert till June!
"For they're stupid indeed if they think I'll appear
"In a dowdy, soiled dress at this time of the year."

But Nature looked not to the left nor the right,
And April kept growling and grumbling till night,
Then she sulked off to bed, and the poor mother sighed
As she went to earth's brown chest and opened it wide.

There lay the materials all in their place;
Soon round her fell showers of trimming and lace,
And then she sat down by the light of a star
That hung from the ceiling up ever so far.

Drip! drip! went her needle through all the long night,
Though a high wind arose and blew out her light.
Bang! bang! went the doors, but she heeded them not,
Nor paused for a moment nor moved from the spot.

At last when the morning sat up in his bed
She dressed sleeping April from feet to her head.
No wonder it woke her, the shimmer and glare
That shone from her garments and leaped from her hair.

Her neck was adorned with a scarf of the mist,
All fringed with the sunlight, and clasping her wrist
A wealth of such jewels trembled and shone
As queen never wore on the royalist throne.

Her dress hung in folds of the glossiest green,
And was draped with the sheerest *crêpe lisse* ever seen.
A practical mortal—for instance like you—
Would have sworn it was beaded all over with dew.

But oh, the embroidery!—flowers in gold
And azure and silver crept out from each fold.
There were diamonds enmeshed in frail cobwebs of lace,
And pink-lipped spring beauties to set off her face.

April laughed and she cried, till you couldn't tell whether
'Twas joy or 'twas sorrow that ailed the sweet weather.
Then the orchestra struck up its liveliest tune
And the concert was billed to come off before June.

JULIA H. THAYER.

A lady whose heart in defiance of age is always Spring-like in its freshness and tenderness, sends a poem from which we take two leaves for our salad, not so much because of their merit as verse as for the idea of the pardon granted to the birds.

"Oh, welcome Spring! we know thy reign is here,
Though noiseless move thy silver chariot wheels.
Each form of life thy blessed presence feels
And spirits sad put on the garb of cheer."

"A pardon to the birds exiled afar
Has been transmitted, we may ne'er know how,
And homeward fitting gulls of song they are
As Spring's paternal kisses bathe the brow."

Speaking of the Spring-life in old age, a gentle southern matron of more than seventy years sends greeting to "OUR CONTINENT" in these hearty lines:

"Our Continent."

FROM broad Atlantic waves
To where the vast Pacific gently laves,
Sow, reap and gather in abundant sheaves!
Good speed! o'er yonder sea
Oh, "CONTINENT," with snowy canvas broad and free
The stately ships sail on, freighted for thee!

MARION B. BROWN.

Thanks, gentle lady! Thy words come to us like a benison of peace from the dim past. May the Spring sunshine lighten thy swift-coming December!

The season, poetry, Spring sounds, and even age itself naturally suggest the Spring-time of life, and our next leaf shall be a few quaint lines of greeting—

To a Baby.

WELL, dear little mortal,
Thrust into Life's portal
With never a question of choice or of will;
Small pilgrim, set out
On a journey of doubt
To a shrine at the top of a troublesome hill—
Look about with those eyes
Full of sweet, grave surprise:
Say, what do you think of the world now you're in it?
Is it best worth your while
To meet life with a smile,
Or a frown that you ever were forced to begin it?
Ah, "Life" is the name
Of a curious game!
And whether we smile, child, or whether we frown,
We must each play in turn,
Though we scarcely may learn
The rules of the game ere the cards are thrown down.
'Tis a queer hurry-scurry,
Full of bother and worry,
For each player comes in with some trick of his own;
But the secret of winning
Lies all in beginning;
So be sure you are right child, then "play it alone!"

LUCY M. BLINN.

Spring poetry is not without its humors, however. "How do you buy your poetry, according to quantity or quality?" inquired the author of some "Verses to Spring" which would have been worth a fortune if "quantity" were the test. After grave consideration the editor replied on behalf of himself and his associates:

"As we are just beginning, we buy our poetry at present by the cubic yard. When we get fully under way we expect to buy it by the cord. It will have to be cut into proper lengths to suit, or warranted to split without eating in the grain. Price according to quantity—the less there is of it the more we pay."

Another young poet sent some lines by no means devoid of merit and asked our candid advice as to what he had better do. Without a moment's hesitation, in all earnestness, good faith and kindly sincerity the editor replied to him:

"Learn to think in prose and then—keep at it."

Heaven help the young man to take the advice of one who has suffered from occasional attacks of the same disease. It is almost as bad as small-pox—even more contagious and all the more to be dreaded because it *never kills!* More's the pity.

A respected "old stager" both in poetry and journalism amazed us the other day by sending us some lines on May and its eternally fresh concomitants. He is a New York man, and as soon as we could recover from our surprise we assured him that he was too late—that the season being earlier in this latitude Spring poetry had been in full bloom in Philadelphia for a month at least.

"Gath Brittle," so he signs himself, has had the temerity, just at this time, to ask us to make public—

A Recipe for Making Poetry.

"PRAY tell me truly," I said to a sage,
The master of mysteries rare,
Who had read every poem of every age,
No matter by whom writ or where;

"Pray, tell me truly how poems are made."
I knew that full many a time
The sage in the grove of the Muses had strayed,
And had clothed his bright fancies in rhyme.

"Let your genius, my son," he replied, have its way,
In despite—in defiance of sense;
But govern right well its syntactical play
On gender and number and tense.

"For, know you, at times the afflatus divine
Needs a "raise" in a sensible way,
Just as often a brand of most delicate wine
Needs a raisin to give it bouquet.

"Though sense and eke reason are oft in demand
To help the tuned syllables out,
Yet that rhyme is the rudder of verse understand
There's not a scintilla of doubt.

"So if you depend on the Muse as your friend,
And would never in poetry fall,
Guide the sense of your lines by the rhymes at the end,
Just as butchers steer calves by the tail.

"It's the jingle that pleases the average ear;
The music of rhythm and rhyme;
This fact keep in mind and, my son, never fear
But you'll rank as a poet in time."

GATH BRITTLE.

If he takes his own prescription, may his "time" never come in our day.

We would never have given this rule for the decoction of the editorial soul-tormentor, had we not been well convinced that some thousands of old bachelors, who were already approaching senility when the nimble-witted Brittle was born, had seen the recipe before and were still practising it with a diligence worthy of a better cause. There could perhaps be no better proof that poetry, even of the most infamous kind never kills, than the fact that so many old bachelors devote themselves to amorous poetry and still live. We have no ill-will against the old bachelor though we consider him an altogether unnecessary evil and we would by no means object to his whiling away the last days of a useless life in versification. It might be a very harmless amusement. But we do insist that when one who has never had the manhood to win an honest woman's love, gets so decrepit that he cannot keep his hand reasonably steady while his pen essays the trip up and down the loop of an extended letter, he ought, for the sake of common decency to stop writing sonnets to "Daphne" or any other buxom lass. The furnace-blast of such a creature's passion reminds only of the wheezing of a ruptured bellows.

As a warning to those who carry this sport too far, let us call attention to the pangs that afflict the poetic soul which has ground out with infinite dole stanzas doomed only to heap up the waste-basket or light the editorial cigar. Read, oh aspiring neophyte, and heed the wail of one whose sad refrain is evermore—

"Refused."

"With thanks returned." Ah, is it so?
The lines I thought would gain
A place obscure at least; but, no,
Unread they now remain.
Why strive to conjure up an art
Which has its source deep in the heart?

And yet I hoped, I know not why,
The thought presumptuous seemed,
To picture scenes of fame, and wake
To find I've only dreamed.
But will I, in the Judgment Day,
Refused by God, be turned away?

J. ROBT. RAINY.

We are glad to assure this disconsolate poet and all others in like afflicting circumstances, that we know of no doctrine, human or divine, that excludes any from the joys of Heaven because he *cannot* write poetry. We hope moreover that such doctrine may never be promulgated during the term of our natural life. In this case, our friend has proved that when the rule of conventionalism is abandoned and a crisp salad-leaf offered instead, refusal is instantly changed to an acceptance.

So in the Spring-time brightness turn we from the Winter's shadow to the Summer sunshine—from the salad leaf to the flower and fruit.

ALBION W. TOURGÉE.

FROM LOBBY TO PEAK

IN THE LIBRARY.

We confront to-day the library fire, of which we had a glimpse through the half-open door from the hall some weeks since. The reader will see that it has its novelties of arrangement, and about the qualities and fitness of these we will now inquire step by step.

Above all this mantel gear the reader will see the breadth and depth of the original chimney breast—by which it will appear that the whole paraphernalia of fireplace and of flanking cupboards have made a bold step forward. Why is this? In a country house, where economy of heat might be a great consideration, there would be sound practical reason for bringing the fire well into the room, but it is not the reason which has governed the present disposition of material. In point of fact, this fireplace, with its addenda of shelves, etc., is a cover to the original arrangement of grate and mantel, which with their fine things of polish and Queen Anne-ism or marble cherubs are all behind and all intact. Naturally no one wishes such a duplicate of fixtures in his own house, but it is worth considering if something in this device—by which for special purposes a new fireplace supplants and conceals the old—may not have a value of its own and a large adaptability to other situations.

Observe, first, that the central and focal portion of it is of boiler iron, bolted together, and thus as easily movable as the old Franklin stoves. Air space below and air-chambers on either side make it possible to establish it with safety in connection with any flue. Its splayed jambs and top are admirably adapted for throwing heat into the room, and contribute also to the perfect draft which belongs to it.

Again, the air-chambers at the side, if properly backed and connected with a conductor of cold air from without would supply a large volume of heated air for diffusion into the room from some register over the mantel, or, better still, and a scheme entirely feasible, for warming by means of a hot-air flue a room above.

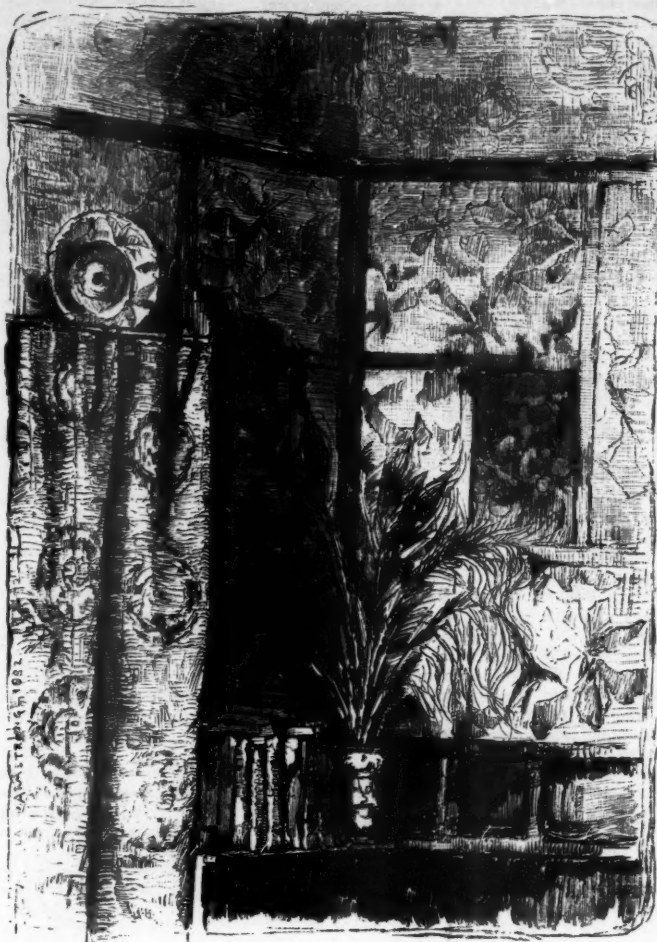
Consider again that there are no tiles to be broken here—no bricks to be battered, no marble to be stained—in every aspect it looks adapted to the roughest of country usage, and the generous cupboard to the left is capable of stowing a great many billets of wood. The books upon the opposite side do not get, as some might suppose, over-warm there; in fact, they get less heat than in most over-mantel places, and the shelves above tell their own story of uses.

So much for the practical features of this library fire; and what now shall be said of appearances?

The iron surely has an honest, homely, staunch look. Its range of bosses seems to give it added massiveness, and a little pencil-work with some dark pigment that is not sensitive to heat has given some simple geometric tracery that takes away all look of baldness. Neither tint or line could be simpler, and yet if surroundings called for it no form could carry the burnish of brightest steel better, or better allow the bronzing and gilding and fine lines and embossments that would put upon this shield of the fire the blazonry of old in wrought armor.

Immediately above the iron fire-frame some half dozen crystalline plates of metal, in wooden frames sliding sidewise in their grooves, give access to as many of these little hiding nooks, which every one is anxious to explore. Still above and in the centre of all is a glazed compartment to carry such rare bits of bric-a-brac as will not bear dust or handling, and which have that historic value which will give to them a proper focal interest in the midst of books.

We call attention again to the cupboard immediately at the left of the fireplace. The two panels of its door are of iron—what is ordinarily called sheet-iron—each carrying a spray of flowers. On one panel the general surface or background is of iron rust, with the flower forms picked out with black lead and touches of silver and bronze;



upon the other the background has a coating of black lead, while the spray of bloom and leaves is of iron rust, touched here and there with silver and gold. No means of decoration could be simpler, nor could any, for the purpose in view, be more effective. It gives a hint of what may be done with exposed iron surfaces in a hundred positions where they now show aimless blotches of rust or bald blackness.

The disposition of the shelves shows somewhat of the favorite Japanese balance of irregularities, and at top of the narrower part is a little hanging of Japanese embroidery to protect some delicate objects, or, maybe, to cover some blank spaces which are yet to be filled. The wood-work is not so rigorously plain as the engraving might lead one to suppose. There is a fret of incised work upon it, showing minute tracery of vines and broad splashes of leaf surface, and the whole tinted uniformly with dark Prussian blue, so dark that to some eyes it might pass for black. Add to this the flashing fire-blaze, the gleaming bolt-heads of the frame work, the sheen of the crystalline plates, the scarlet and purple and drabs and gold of the book-backs, the grays and reds and browns and whites and greens of the Japanese vases, and, last, the folded richness of the embroidery at the top, and you can form some notion of the scheme of color. And yet who shall talk of any scheme of color in a library? That creamy vellum, that odorous maroon of "Russia," that crimson of a "Roger Paine," the spider lines of gold, all these govern the coloring by a *force majeure* as truly as a bed of old English posies whose memories are laced to our heart-strings rule down all the finest laws of scaled ribbon-planting. Book-backs carry their own law of color as they go, and if so be they are backs of good books, and of books that we love and revere, no decorator in the world can over-match their winning and shifting combinations of hue.

And now a word of that second picture of the week, which gives us glimpse of a quiet corner in this same library, with a little fan-faron of feathery plumes there, as if to provoke our mention. These, however, we pass by. We note a rich hanging of Japanese silk, its ground of dull green and its figures embroidered in gold, covering some concealed doorway into regions unknown, possibly the adjoining apartment. We note further the somewhat singular material of which the wall-hanging is formed—a Chinese matting, not greatly unlike, if it be not actually, the fabric which enwraps the tea-chests of Canton. Simple fillets of wood hold it in place, and vary in tint as the decoration of this tan-colored matting varies. Here and there it would appear that a central panel carries a decoration of its own wrought upon other ground than the matting. It may be an oil sketch, a group of figures, a dash of spring flowers, a landscape; but over the matting proper there seems to meander something like a sketchy story of plant growth (is it the Virginia creeper—is it the horse-chestnut?) painted in transparent tints—now upon the tan-colored background of the matting itself and again upon a golden ground under which the Oriental matting shows still more strongly its closely-wrought, quaint basket-weaving. So we have upon the wall this warm dun color, as of grayish straw and then gold—by spaces—over-ruling it sumptuously, and on the gold rich greens and browns of rampant and lush foliage. We shall have other glimpses of these walls, and shall have occasion to show how their decorative treatment lends itself to the wide opening (as if for folding doors) that looks toward the dining-room and hangs great leaflets—opaque and distinct—against the warm south light that streams through and makes of the archway a foliated arbor.

DONALD G. MITCHELL.



THE POET'S FAME.

A SONNET.

[The recent birthday of the poet Longfellow was celebrated all over America by the recitation of his poems in the schools.]

BLIND Homer haply, never all his years,
Heard Grecian children hymning to his praise:
Scyllian boys piped not th' Idyllic lays
Of their Theocritus, with smiles and tears,
That he might hear them with his living ears:
The lads at Avon hardly left their plays,
To bring the world's best singer birthday lays;
Nor ever Chalfont rang with natal cheers.

How sweeter far our poet's kindlier fate!
To hold in actual grasp his deathless fame;
To see it gladdening earth's most distant shore;
To hear ten thousand voices celebrate
His birthday in his songs—to know his name
Shall be his country's pride forevermore!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

The Marquis of Carabas.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

DOMINIQUE'S attendance upon Miss Grey was exemplary, but not a lightener of that lady's labors. Whatever gifts came by nature Dominique could make the most of, but was the thing to be conquered by trouble he measured it and the consequence of its absence, and made up his mind to do without it. He held his side of the book properly it is true, but he looked at Adelaide. When Miss Grey urged his father's desire, he would bend over the page with determination, puzzle himself into a frantic perplexity, then the volume would spin through the air, and he would stalk from the room and be seen no more that day, while his penitence on the morrow was only exceeded by his ignorance. At other times, when Adelaide was at the point of tears over the gloom of her problem, Dominique would dart to the central pang, make all as clear as light, and Adelaide's recitation would be perfect while his was only laughing uncertainty. "Why should I learn how to demonstrate that rectilinear figures which are similar to the same rectilinear figure are also similar to one another?" he would say. "It stands to reason that they are. And what earthly purpose does it help me to prove that similar solid parallelepipeds are to one another in the triplicate ratio of their homologous sides? And as for the series of prisms of the same altitude that may be circumscribed about any pyramid such that the sum of the prisms shall exceed the pyramid by a solid less than any given solid—I wish I knew the man that invented that precious stuff; I'd make a prism of him. At any rate, if he wasn't the rest of it, he should be black and blue!" Then, in the midst of lessons, he would troll some catch boasting precisely opposite accomplishments, and Miss Grey in despair would recommend Captain Dacre to apply his boy to anything but books.

But Captain Dacre was inexorable. He had found books a refuge when he forsook active life. If Dominique could not learn everything between their covers he should know where to go for what he might want in them by and by. He spent half his own time poring over books or in his little laboratory gathering what he could to give back to Dominique in any shape he could assimilate it, and it was no new effort; ever since his aroused heart had changed his whole manner of life he had had the single hope that his contact might not be worse for the boy than death by drowning would have been at first. Once in every week too he spent a day and night at the cottage giving some instruction in navigation, and if the stars shone a sailor's lectures in astronomy, where alone he was better posted than the encyclopedic Miss Grey. The superintendence received from Gascoyne in the latter's vacations were a relief to the Captain, who feared to place Dominique among men, suffering new pain in the thought that if his treatment were hurtful even that was a consequence of his own career, and Dominique might in fact be ruined because Captain Dacre had been. And then he subjected the boy to cautious probing to discover if he had any of that strength by which if ruin came he could climb out of it on God's hand.

But Dominique knew nothing of all these thoughts and fears. He was happy, that was enough. He was punctual at the cottage on the hill, sometimes sailing across from breaker to breaker, sometimes rising at dawn and walking the five miles, coming in laden with wild treasures and his white face flushed with pleasure, treasures over which old John the gardener, who like all the rest of Coastcliff, had followed the sea

in his youth, and although apt to his business now was and always would be strange to the wildwood, yet bent his broad back with satisfaction, studying their novelty with many a self-contained chuckle while willing Dominique into relations of his boyish life before the wreck of the packet ship.

They had grown so used to Dominique at the cottage now, his joyous vagaries, his sullen moods, his sunshiny penitences, that they would as easily have known how to do without one of themselves. He made a variety in their feminine lives, to which old John the gardener and Thomas the coachman had never been equal. He had no lack of slight social graces on occasions, remnants of his gay life at springs and bathing places, and Mrs. Stuart had been even heard to say that if she had had a son she should have wished him exactly like Dominique. He was very gentle after that remark, but perhaps could not help taking Adelaide out in his boat and rewarding the mother, who could see them with the glass, by tacking to and fro on the edge of the breaker till she was cold with fear, and had to warm herself with a fever of letter writing concerning the Confederate Charities, in which Adelaide became but one of a host of children and cares.

When the winter came the boat was discontinued in favor of a donkey, over the road on which Dominique was often the first to break the drift, but where the wind driving across the meadows as often had blown a way clear for him. The snow was always a delight. He had a team at the door as often as allowed to take some one fleeing across country to fantasies of bell music. "It makes me feel as if my heart were swept and garnished," he exclaimed to Adelaide. "The whole earth is so clean it looks spiritualized. Now I understand what my father means. It is so white you might see its wings." Sleighing done, he mounted his donkey and plodded home over the bridge and the long causeway with its dark meadows ribboned in crystal, and then out of the keen air into the shelter of the wood. He always delayed a little there. There was a pine feathering into the intense blue overhead; there was a huge hemlock shaking down layers of snow from its bent shadow; there were the seed vessels of wiry weeds and the red-berried wayside stems rising through the crust, the crust in whose hollows there were nothing less than copperas crystals for color, and there was a sort of hush through all the place. Or sometimes the sky was white and the snow was falling through the wood so softly and hesitatingly it seemed as if he could lie down and let the gentle flakes cover him. When he rode out of the wood into the sea wind that scattered about the beach the icy fringes of the surf this tranquil spell broke. He urged forward, he sang to drown the resounding wave; he felt as he withstood the wind a victor over the elements. Then the windows of the dining-room opened on him, and the Captain, always watching for him there, saw him flying onward, his dark hair blown back, his cheeks ruddy for the moment, and felt beforehand the embrace that never was forgotten and the long evening in which the boy would tell him all his day and he in turn would rehearse his fancies in the fire-light.

As they watched the blue flames flickering up the flue Dominique wondering about things spent many a speculation over fire. "I don't know where it comes from," once he said. "Look at that fork leap from the black lump. Where was it before? Where will it be presently? It is like our life, father. Sometimes I think it was the sunshine shut up in the earth when coal was made. I should like to have been born before God finished the earth. What if we could see him make a star!"

"It is clear to me as though I did," his father said. "For had I seen chaos divide should I have been the wiser; have known where matter came from and what spirit was? I've been thinking to-day," said the Captain, "of an old belief I've heard, that matter is eternal as spirit, and of the fight between them. Matter seems to me in perfect order wherever it is pure matter, in stars and flowers, say; and in man alone, where matter is united with spirit is there any clash. So that in this warfare of God and matter, this endeavor to reduce matter to the subjection of spirit, man is the battle-ground. And then the thought comes to me, Dominique, that if every seeker who searches a mystery, every mechanic who spans space works to God's aid in the rough, then they who work in their own portion, reduce their own bodies to obedience, are as much nearer to his purpose as if they were fighting by his side. Eh, Dominique?"

"That we shan't know," stirring the fire.

"I please myself puzzling about it, and I think—do you want to hear what I think? Well, then, what if eternities ago it came into God's heart to make man to be loved; to see the beauty of the universe; to share the joy of being? Whatever the reason, here was the chance to bring matter into subjection, while the Lord was to strike sparks off from his fullness, as one might say, and work them through this other element that we call matter. And so before man should come there were countless centuries to make the star on which he was to live, to mould it, to sun it. As for me, I think that all the time when man lay there, the sketch of him so complete as to be fine as the finished thing, resting in God's thought, a cherished expectation wrapped in the eternal Father's heart, makes him holy himself. How just with lying there his possibilities must have increased in comeliness, must have grown sanctified. I hope it's not as if I were burrowing behind unspoken words," and the Captain crossed himself with an old habit he had.

"Well, father," said Dominique, who liked this lesson better than his books.

"Well," said the Captain, "look now at the lace-work of muscles on your hand. But trifles! Dream then of the thinking needed to arrange the whole frame with its perpetual machinery, its beauty, its strength, to make it as fair to see as blest to be."

"Perhaps it wasn't done by thinking," said Dominique.

"Very like. Where was the need of thinking? Could there be perplexity or confusion in the mind of Him whose first essence was order? It was all a gentle sequence. There are those that looking on the huge fossils say practice betters. To my seeing, in the clumsiest foot of the most prodigious of them all there's the full design of the perfect foot at last; only life was adapted to its conditions, a honey bee's foot not wasted on the creature that wallowed in mire. I love to think of that mysterious time when the spirit of God moved on the face of the waters, Dominique, before those wondrous six days when he stripped off veil after veil, and brought out, flat after flat, the force of his completed work," said the Captain, "reconciling matters in his own way."

"It is like one of the Talmud legends that Miss Grey tells us."

"But that's apart," said the Captain. "You understand, Dominique, that it being best to make the earth for man, it was to be made to develop the good in him. And who has found out better than yourself this summer that that is done by the exercise of our faculties? So in the earth there must be this and that, but most of all coal, coal to get out, more precious than gold, and without which even the iron must rest in its bed. So," continued the Captain, "there may have been a time when the shining water world wore only a girdle of island gems; then a time when a belt of forests circled the earth, and down in the valleys they lifted their green heads into a dense air white with warm damps and steam, and our destined fuel—for you and I, Dominique, were as much in that first idea of man as Caesar—those forests lifted their heads into the warm windless weather, into the white fog that kept the sun's hot rays diffused and brooding, sucking in such carbon from the heavy air, giant stems growing in rankest swamps and crowned with clouds of shining leaves; leaves penciled as if with graver's tools in the mine to-day. Then how to store this fuel? How but to let the waters in over it, either through slow sinking of the marshy rafts or by rending crusts and disturbing seas that rush to find their level, and when drawn off leave above the forest tops fresh soil for new growth, till layer laid on layer, the rocks heave in convulsion above it all, press it close and its exhalations with it, then let the earth drive her fires through it till the work is done."

"And then?" urged Dominique.

"Why then, the earth being one treasure-house inside, other ages draped it with greenward, tented it with blue sky, and breathing beings came to walk upon it."

"Yes, man came in with the roses, Adelaide says."

And thus conversation went on till Dominique fell asleep, and if the silence woke him there was a game of draughts or a descent into the little laboratory, where they went through the Captain's last chemical experiments, after which nothing satisfied Dominique, while he himself made ice burn and blanched red roses white, but to bring Adelaide and Allia over to the Lonely Beach for delighted spectators of his magic.

Every night before sleep these two com-

panions went the round of the traps set in the plum orchard; once they found a little red fox shivering there with his bushy tail frozen into the snow; at another time a white Arctic owl, a puff of feathers, opened his eyes like yellow flames upon them. By and by the wild geese, flying low, clanged their music overhead as Dominique took his last look at Orion and the night; and then spring, with her breath-betraying violets, was close at hand. It was a happy, innocent boyhood; and when Captain Dacre looked at Dominique's radiant smile, he wondered if much might not be counterbalanced by his gift of such happiness and innocence to a life snatched out of storm.

VI

THREE Springs had painted the soft blue and rosy reaches of the sea before the door, had echoed its resounding song as Dominique's sail took the wet winds of the outer depths, or hung loosely when the boat slipped up between the breakers to the Lonely Beach, Adelaide still his most frequent companion on the water.

One sunset he had kept her out too long; the flushing heavens behind them, the moon swimming up the hollow of the sky, the murmur of the waters of far horizons breathing around them its vast music, the breath of the salt seas blowing freshly about their temples, all had tempted them to linger for yet another tack, as the boat went about and the sail shot out on the running rope and filled like a cloud to make the eastern shadow beyond that lane of glory in the moon-swe. But now they knew that Gascoyne must be waiting on the shingle to take Adelaide up the hill.

"I think," said Dominique, "I must have some of the old sea people's blood in my veins; hardly our vikings, maybe those Portuguese sailors who first slipped out of sight of shore. There is no pleasure like sailing. When you ride you master a horse, but when you sail you master the great sea itself, you make the winds your slaves. And just to go slipping from crest to crest, soaring and sinking—it is like flying upon the stars! Should you like to live upon it? How great, how glorious that life will be some time, Adelaide, some time when we can always be together, when I never need bring you back to shore!"

Then he left her and Gascoyne picking their way over the wet stones in the moonlight—Gascoyne who had some shadow of trouble in his face and would not put an arm about her for help—and his boat went slipping across the harbor and slid at last up the long shallow of the Lonely Beach.

How happy and innocent he was! He went up toward the house slowly. The shadow at the rusty iron gate he hardly saw till he was there. It was the Captain leaning there with his head between his hands. Dominique stole an arm round his shoulder.

"Is that you, Dominique?" said his father presently. "I was thinking of you. Gascoyne tells me to-morrow is the last examination for entrance to your classes. You are to go up with him. There is your world that you long for."

Dominique heard him with a throb. The world that was enchantment, yet Adelaide to leave and all this lovely life.

"All our pleasure here is over," said the other sadly. The tone smote Dominique. He drew his arm more closely round his father's neck and nestled his cheek to his in the outgrown boyish way.

"Indeed, I do not care to go," he said.

"It is settled," answered the Captain. "All settled. I will drive you over in the morning—one more long hour to ourselves. Leave me now, Dominique; it is chilly and you are wet." And as Dominique obeyed the man's head dropped into his hands again, and he was murmuring to himself. "My sin has found me out," he said. "My sin has found me out."

But Dominique ran in lightly, and only paused to glance into the old dining-room and see in what state the table lay. There was a low fire in the grate, two or three embers of driftwood sending now and then a phantom of flame up the chimney. A man sat beside it resting his elbows on his armchair and tipping his fingers together before him in the tenuous measure of some pleasant thought. He looked up suddenly with a pair of piercing eyes and a smooth smile that instead of spreading over his face as smiles do, like sunshine, cut into it like a knife.

"Aha!" said he. "And who may this be? Dominique? Come here and let me have a look at you. The Captain didn't tell you I was here, I'll dare swear? You may have heard him speak of me, my lad. My name is Ladeuce."

VII
 WHEN Captain Dacre flung his servant the reins and went around the corner of the house next day he was greeted by his old Lieutenant from the gallery: "A sightly place you have," said Ladeuce. "Though that's a bad harbor with those breakers. However, you've no use for that any longer. But you're like all the rest of us old sea-dogs, and can't do without the water. Most sailors ashore I find must have their patch of ground," he continued, as the Captain still made him no reply. "You take yours out in that old plum orchard,—looks as if our friend Robert might have buried plunder there. You're not troubled with too much company here. I don't know that I ever saw a more capital place for a retired pirate!"

If Ladeuce had not retreated a step he would have had the word knocked down his throat.

"You object to the phrase?" he said coolly, recovering himself. "But I believe it is piracy before the law. However, we must regard appearances. I used to remember that when I saw you at Congress Hall with Dominique, and thought of those barracoons on the African coast. You didn't see me. I was there but briefly—just to keep you in sight."

"Ladeuce, what do you want with me?" said the Captain.

"I don't know," answered Ladeuce, biting off the end of a fresh cigar, "that I want anything of you in this mood. When you remember what you are, I may give you a point in the law. But do not disturb yourself. I am in no hurry," and leaning over towards the Captain he added, "I have come to stay."

"You have come—that is impossible!" cried the other.

"Not at all, since you see me here," said the Lieutenant. "And here I mean to stay while it suits me. I shall make forays into the neighborhood of towns and cities. I have some ventures yet upon the sea. I may take a trip or so now and then. But what more natural than that I should tie up with my old Captain? I have come to help you, though it is late in the day," said Ladeuce, with a laugh that showed all his white teeth. "I have come to help you bring up Dominique."

The Captain shuddered in spite of the warm room. "Ladeuce," he said presently, "you and I have nothing in common!"

"Except our memories," laughed Ladeuce again.

"When I left you the terms were generous enough for you to keep your word and let me be unmolested."

"Attractions," said Ladeuce, "sometimes override promises."

"I desired then," said the Captain more quietly, "only to escape from what might injure or disgrace the boy. Afterward, if fire would have purified me, I should be clean to-day, for I lived in the torments of hell-fire with my remembrances."

"I always thought you were a tender-foot, Captain."

"Here in this haven," continued the Captain, "I have found peace and rest. What will you have and leave me to it?"

"Nothing," said Ladeuce placidly. "I have told you I have come to stay."

"And I have told you it cannot be."

"It is. I am here. You do not want the *fiasco* of turning me out? You want no exposure? Caramba! I am an old friend. I come and I go. I shall, perhaps, hinder you from making a milk-sop of Dominique. Can he play? Can he put on the gloves? Can he fence? Has he any of the arts of the Spanish gentleman? Perhaps he will take a run with me on the *Nightbird*!"

"The *Nightbird*!"

"The same. Did you think she had laid her bones on the reefs? Not at all. She carries live cargoes into the islands for me yet, and will this many a day!"

"Not she! She shall never carry another! I gave you no deed of her. She is mine. I thought she had gone to pieces this dozen years ago. You shall bring her up and burn her in the office here, or by heaven!" cried Captain Dacre, "I will hang you at her yard-arm yet!"

"Softly, softly, my Captain," said Ladeuce. "If we talk of ropes' ends there are always two ends, you know. And one of us will not be executing that dance on nothing without the other. The *Nightbird* is yours, to be sure. I am ready to yield you account any day. And if you don't want this blood money, as I heard you call it, will you then tell me on what else you are living now? What bought this place? What furnishes your table? What sends Dominique on his costly errand now?"

"It is true," said Captain Dacre, white as ashes.

"Then let us stop sentimental humbug, if you please. And if you don't," said Ladeuce, "when you are ready to throw up your fortune and ship before the mast I may believe you have seen the error of your ways. Till you are, no reproaches concerning mine. You have a fancy to be a fine gentleman—you don't make much of a fist at it. I also have taken great pains with myself; you will not be ashamed of me. For the rest, do you forget our old proverb? *Quien tien tienda, que atiende*. The *Nightbird* will run her regular trips, sometimes from the Guinea coast to the Windward Islands, and sometimes, when the barracoons are not filled, with a conspicuously innocent lading of palm oil and gums and ivory, and sometimes with one not quite so innocent of French brandies, entered in the dark up among these ports. She's not a hundred miles away from us as the crow flies now. As for me, I am your friend, a southern gentleman with plantations in Central America. Personally, I have my reasons for putting up with you off and on as I choose. I always meant to. It's enough for you to know and say that I find myself in need of a physician and fancy yours. If you conduct yourself so that any think me unwelcome it is all up with you. And when you see your *Nightbird* blazing out there in the stream you may know its all up with me. Then, and not till then. I give you till to-morrow to think of it."

"I do not need it," said Captain Dacre, coming back from where he had stood facing sea and sky as if searching the horizon for help. "You have me in your power. But Ladeuce, I was your friend in the old time!"

"Ah, that's the way I like to have you talk, my Captain! We were good friends in the old time when we knew danger together? You would say?"

"About Dominique. Plainly. It would kill me—I don't know but it would kill him—to find!"

"That you made your money as a kidnaper and slaver in the African and West Indian waters. Well, give yourself no concern. I make no promises. *No digo nada*. But I hold Dominique as much my charge as yours. He's a fine-looking lad. Have you ever had a hint as to who he is?"

"He is Dominique Dacre!" thundered the Captain, forgetting all the rest in this new face of the foe. "He is that, and nothing else."

"Ladeuce gave a long whistle. "Well, let us drink his health as we did in the little cabin a dozen and a half years ago and more, when he became that. 'What! No liquors in the house? Well, well, we must reform all that.'"

The sunshine was never brighter than it lay that day glittering on the bosses of the great sapphire shield with which the sea opposed the sky; but to Captain Dacre as he walked away the world was wrapped in impenetrable gloom. He had taken his boy from sea and storm only that Ladeuce might ruin him.

Look which way he would it was dark. What if he gave up everything, his house and books, his stocks and shares, Dominique must give up his education as well then. And if he abandoned study, was it likely he would not drift to leeward in all things? And if he gave up fortune, learning and all the rest, would he not also have to give up Adelaide? And that Dominique should one day marry Adelaide had been the Captain's waking dream. And what if he defied Ladeuce? The man had but to denounce him. Well, neither imprisonment nor death were much to him—there were those who would walk in prison with him as they had with Peter and Paul. But could he break the boy's heart? Just entering life, full of courage and hope and pride, surrounded by friends, should he suffer this disgrace? He himself could endure his old confederate's presence that was now poisonous to him, the sword of disclosure hanging over his head, even the keeping of the ill-gotten gold, although every piece he spent should sear his soul as it had long done. But Dominique's life and career should not be marred. And for his penalty—although he could meet scorn, although he could meet death, could he meet the boy's clear eyes when he should know his past? No! If it came to that, God must let him die—the punishment would be more than he could bear. It was no wonder the world looked dark to the man. It lay in the shadow of his evil deeds.

VIII

It was a week or two after this that Adelaide, driving to the Lonely Beach, left the carriage, as she often did, to gather an armful of the bindweed on her way, and

the others drove on, while Captain Dacre presently came down to meet her. "Now where have you kept yourself?" she cried in her sweet, familiar way. "Have you been plunged in grief for Dominique's loss? We thought perhaps you had gone with him when you did not come on Wednesday. Ah," as she caught sight of Ladeuce seating the others on the gallery, "you have a friend with you. I am so glad you have a friend!" And then she went up with the Captain through the old plum orchard.

"It seems to me," she said, "that you are too grave about Dominique."

"And to me," he answered her, "that you are too gay."

"Oh," she cried, "I miss him so! But it is best he should be gone, you know," she added, with her transforming smile. "He will return so much richer than he went."

"Yes, yes, I ought not to care. He has life before him and mine is behind me. I am like one of these old knotted plum trees—ready for felling."

"You are lovely if you are like a plum tree, with singing things sheltered in the boughs and sweet fruit dripping honey. Do you think you are like a plum tree?" she said, with her arch laugh. "Let me tell you, your plum trees want to be scraped. Mamma will add you to her charities and send old John over to do it." "She added me to her charities long ago."

"Speaking of charities, do you know Gascoygne has come home with his degree? Mamma has infected him. He is going to practice in Coastcliff. He doesn't need to practice at all and so he will only take the poor. I tell him he ought to have a ruby ring!" and she laughed in gay mischief.

"Adelaide," exclaimed the Captain, "if I had you here all the time I should bear Dominique's loss better."

"I believe you are making love to me," she said; and she took the old man's hand and raised it to her lips with a pretty motion, half reverence, half caress.

They came up through the broad hall and out upon the gallery where the others sat, Ladeuce rising to receive them. How resplendent she was, as she stood there with the light of the sea upon her brow and its color in her eyes! But it was not the bloom of the face, the blackness of the dropping hair, the lovely lines and tints within the oval that made her charm. It was something shining from the eyes and from the smile as if the interior sunlight illumined the face from the soul. Whatever it was it was something antipathetic to Ladeuce. He did not blush before it, although the fearless gaze in its first instant seemed to penetrate his disguises. He hated it, and Adelaide for her part felt a shuddering repulsion from this dark fellow of the flattering tongue. "What is he doing with the Captain?" the half-unconscious repulsion whispered. "What is he about Dominique for? What will Gascoygne say to him?" while the icy sweetness of her manner benumbed his flatteries.

"The girl for Dominique, eh?" was what Ladeuce's antipathy was just as quietly suggesting. "My dear, I shall put a spoke in that wheel," and he turned to Allia with a suavity that little damsel had not met before. "If I had known," said he, "that my old friend was in such snug quarters and visited by youth and beauty, I should not have staid so long away from him tossing about the world."

"I can't think of any one's wanting to come to Coastcliff that could go anywhere else," answered Allia with a look of the great brown eyes that always gave you the impression of the moon just rising.

"Ah! so you want to see the world with those eyes, is it? And what part the most may I ask?"

"The part," said Allia, "that is different the most from Coastcliff. The people that are unlike these."

"The people? The common?" "No, indeed," said Allia. "What do I care for the common people? I see enough of them here. My cousin tires me out with them. I mean!"

"The people that continue history. Oh, indeed. Then you would enjoy some of the pageants that I have seen. A coronation, now?"

"Have you ever seen a coronation?" said little Allia breathlessly.

"Upon my word I think a circus finer!" laughed Ladeuce, "except that the clowns wear the fine garments and the jewels are real."

"They have such splendid jewels, I suppose, those people. Dominique says there is a spirit in jewels. He and his father tried to make them in the laboratory, and they

couldn't, because they had to leave the spirit out."

"Ah, I have some pretty stones I must show you if you are interested in such things. I am quite a collector in a small way, moonstones and tourmalines; and then, as he saw the increasing sparkle of Allia's glance, "though why," he added, "one should speak of jewels with such eyes shining on him," and then the elder ladies rising, closed the business of the moment.

It was long before Captain Dacre returned this call. Perhaps he never would at all if Ladeuce had not declared his own intention of visiting a physician and taking the cottage on the hill by the way. Once there, however, it was easy going again, and he did not always ask the Captain to go with him. Gascoygne, just through with his studies, did very well for a physician, and gave him good reason for his visits.

"A little trouble with my heart," said Ladeuce lightly to the Captain. "Well, it has always been a susceptible organ. I know there's a little trouble with it, and all along of that pretty witch up there."

"Adelaide?" cried the Captain.

"Adelaide go hang!" said his Lieutenant. "Has my lady any smiles? She will have none of them for me. *Dios mio!* These airs and graces make you laugh when you know you have one's fate in your hand. *Cierto!* I will bring the haughty hussy to terms! But the other. Come, now, my Captain, where have you seen such a skin the color of ivory, such lips like a cleft pomegranate?"

Captain Dacre's blood was running cold.

"Ladeuce," said he, "I am an old man."

"You are a sly dog, that's what you are. You are that old rat of the fable, who retired from the world in a rich Stilton cheese. Do you think to have it all to yourself? *Tute!* I have an eye for beauty, too, and I'm not as old as you are. And I fancy," said Ladeuce, getting up and looking himself over in the mirror, "that beauty has an eye for me. You must acknowledge, Dacre, that I'm not an uncomely sort of fellow. I've one face for shore and another for sea. No man-of-war's-man of all those accursed British frigates could recognize the bearded sailing-master of the *Nightbird* in this smooth face. And then I've taken a leaf from your book. I go to the Springs between trips—to the Capital. I study men and manners. I study women. I wonder what the lovely lady in my arms, whose head rests on my shoulder as we waltz, would say if she saw me landing my live cargoes off the *Ojo de Toro* reefs? Oh, I improve my time," as he still had no reply. "When on the off trip I'm putting my brandies and cordials aboard, I run up to Paris or over to London. I visit the theatres, the galleries, the races. I see life. I mean that Dominique shall see it, too. And I've paid particular attention to Spain, 'as I sailed, as I sailed,'" and Ladeuce hummed the old air, while he watched the Captain who was busy at the table with his charts and compasses, and with great beads upon his forehead. "Naturally it interests a Cuban importer," and he laughed. "You have not been in Spain yourself? Then you don't remember the old gallows on the cliff where they hung a sailor for abducting the child of a hidalgo, as you sail into port at Rivaera?"

"What are you driving at, Ladeuce?" asked the Captain, feeling the sharp gaze overlay him.

"At nothing," laughed the other. "Have I so much artifice that you must look for second meanings in my words? I am but beguiling the time for you in my poor way till Dominique shall come again. Do you dislike to hear of Spain? You are likely to hear a good deal of her from my lips. I loved the land. She is the mother of our fortunes. I hope some time to leave this business which, if it keep your blood stirring with its excitements, has dangers in it,—dangers in it—and spend much time there. More than one night off duty have I managed to sleep in her old palaces on this pretext or the other. It is contact with those dons that has polished off my manners so perhaps. And then, on the whole, it is pleasanter walking in Spain than in countries where one feels the rope dragging from one's neck impede the gait. To be sure, one is really safe anywhere unless denounced—unless denounced. But how is one to know at what moment an enemy may be upon him? Do you think I mean that I am your enemy, Captain?" said Ladeuce, in his silkiest tone. "On the contrary, on the contrary, you never had a better friend, unless you thwart my purposes."

It was in this fashion that Ladeuce beguiled the time till Dominique should come again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A PRACTICAL PANTRY.

"Suppose there isn't any pantry?"

"There always is."

"Not at all. I have been house hunting for six weeks, and in certainly a third of those I have examined there was no shadow or suggestion of any. The very one I am desperate enough to think of taking has just one narrow, wretched little apology in which the little pot can go, but hardly the big one; that I suppose the architect intended we should hang out of the window or leave permanently down cellar."

"Then where will you keep your stores?"

"We shan't keep them. We shall buy by the pound and use up instantly, because if we didn't the only alternative would be to hold them in your hand till the next time they were wanted."

Having smiled at this conversation overheard where one overhears many other curious and suggestive things, in the horse cars, it seemed worth while to make personal investigation, and the opportunity coming in a quest of the same nature the same fact again developed itself. The modern house built for sale or for rent, even when fittings are otherwise attractive and desirable, ignores out of New England and New York any suitable or even decently comfortable arrangement of closets. Wealth of course has this, as it has every other convenience, but the average house for average people means a state of chronic discomfort and the consequent effect on temper for all concerned.

Whose fault is it? Not altogether the architect's, who has heard sufficient remonstrance from women in every stage of despair to make him look questioningly at niches and nooks and even to write "closet" now and then across one of them. Chiefly from builders who strike out such writing, bent upon reducing the cost of the shell to the lowest possible limit, and who prefer cheap ornamentation wherever it will show to any convenience out of sight. Yet no press or portable closet of any description can by any possibility take the place of the pantry, fitted with ample shelves and drawers, and an absolute essential where either neatness or economy mean anything to the occupants of the house.

There is double and treble need of such arrangement where servants are inefficient or incapable. If in spite of one's best endeavors dirt remains the kitchen watchword, there must be one spot into which articles for personal use may be gathered. If the pantry has been left out select the point in kitchen or hall best adapted to it and call in a carpenter. Very often second-hand doors and other fittings can be had near lumber yards for a low price and a good carpenter can make an advantageous bargain for them, but even where new material must be used the cost will be repaid many times over, not alone in comfort but in actual saving of money lost where one must buy by dribbles.

The practical pantry should include the same features as the practical kitchen, light however being less necessary. Shelves should line at least two sides, but never higher than one can reach comfortably standing in a chair. Beyond this point they are simply lodging places for dust. On one side they may be not more than two feet from the floor, allowing room underneath for a row of wooden buckets or firkins necessary for sugar, corn meal, etc. On the other may be drawers at least three deep, and there should if possible be space for the flour barrel. If there can be also a small table on which cake or desserts can be made the mistress will find it a far more comfortable place for such work than the kitchen. If there is no room for this its place can be filled by a large pastry board fitted with hinges and a rest underneath, which when not in use can be folded up against the wall and let down as occasion requires. A table with a drawer however is most desirable, this drawer to hold all the more valuable small articles for delicate cookery that in the hands of the average servant have no place nor mission save as superfluities for immediate destruction. Here should be larding and trussing needles, your ball of string, graters and pastry crimper, while on shelves above or hung on nails in such order as best pleases, may be all the tools you best like in your own work, the cake and biscuit cutters, gravy and jelly strainers, a Dover egg-beater, weights and measures and the many small essentials for good and expeditious work, including your own enameled sauce-pans and a Scotch frying kettle with wire basket.

All this takes less space than may be imagined, and when once arranged requires

comparatively little work to keep it in order. Every jar or can in which dry stores are kept should have a distinctly marked label, that no time need be lost in looking for a needed article. Nothing can be better than the ordinary glass can for all small amounts of dry stores in the way of pearl, barley, tapioca, sago, etc. Cheap, clean and easily seen, they also secure against mice and other "small deer."

It is needless to say that such pantry should be kept locked unless the servant is exceptionally faithful, in which case it may prove to her also a refuge from the overheated kitchen and the best place for bread and cake making. Shelves should be wiped off once a week with a damp cloth and the floor washed, and if all accidental spots are at once wiped up there will never be occasion for the wild upheaval which is Bridget's idea of setting in order. To keep in order is the secret of good housekeeping, and if every article has its own place and is returned to it at once after using half the battle is over. But the pantry must be before order can be, and if builders have defrauded you and one can be had in no other way let the parlor lack some ornament or even the new dress wait till this essential has taken its place and proved itself more than all I have claimed for it.

WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR DINNER?

*Tapioca Soup.
Roast Ducks with Grape Jelly.
Boiled Potatoes. Boiled Cauliflower.
Tomato Salad with Mayonnaise Dressing.
Peach Batter Pudding.
Old Dominion Sauce.
Coffee or Tea.*

TAPIOCA SOUP.

Two quarts of mutton broth left from the boiled mutton of the previous menu, one large or two small onions, one small turnip, half a teaspoonful of celery salt or two stalks of celery, a sprig of parsley, four tablespoonfuls of granulated or pearl tapioca. Cut or chop the vegetables fine and add to the stock, boiling steadily for one hour, and replenishing with hot water if it boils away. In the meantime the tapioca should have been soaked one hour in cold water and then boiled in the same, setting the vessel which contains it into one of boiling water and cooking about an hour, or until every grain is clear, stirring it up often from the bottom. Turn into the tureen and strain the boiling soup upon it, stirring till the tapioca dissolves. Taste to see if salt enough, the seasoning it will be remembered having been added to the water in which the mutton was boiled.

ROAST DUCKS.

Whether to wash after drawing fowls is still an open question. If properly drawn, wiping out with a damp cloth will be sufficient. If washing is preferred, let it be washing and not soaking, which draws out the juices and leaves the meat tasteless. For a pair of ducks, if stuffing is desired, use a quart of bread crumbs, one onion minced fine, a teaspoonful each of sage, salt and pepper; a tablespoonful of melted butter and one of hot water. Truss and put in the dripping-pan; pour a cup of boiling water over them, and roast one hour in a quick oven. If preferred rare, forty-five minutes will be enough. Baste often, dredging them when half done with flour. Chop the giblets, which should have been boiled half an hour; pour off the fat from the gravy in the dripping-pan; thicken with an even tablespoonful of browned flour, add the chopped giblets and salt to taste, probably a saltspoonful with a pinch of pepper.

BOILED CAULIFLOWER.

Tie the cauliflower, which should have been carefully washed, in a piece of white netting, and cook in boiling salted water half an hour. Drain thoroughly and take out from the netting. Serve in a deep dish, the blossom upward, and pour over it a cupful of drawn butter with the juice of half a lemon squeezed into it. Where milk is plenty milk and water is sometimes used as it makes it whiter.

TOMATO SALAD.

The Southern and Bermuda tomatoes in market from February on are of less flavor than the Northern ones, but make a sufficiently appetizing salad. Peel, slice and set on the ice till wanted. In the meantime make a Mayonnaise dressing as follows: The yolk of one raw egg, one teaspoonful of dry mustard, quarter of a saltspoonful of cayenne, half a teaspoonful of salt, the juice of one lemon. Blend these perfectly with the egg, adding a few drops of cold water. Now add, stirring steadily, three tablespoonfuls of olive oil. It will gradually become firm and jelly-like. At the last squeeze in the lemon juice, and if desired a teaspoonful of vinegar. Slice the tomatoes and serve with a little of the dressing on each slice.

PEACH BATTER PUDDING.

One can of peaches with the juice drained off, one quart of milk, three eggs, well beaten; one tablespoonful of butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, two cups of prepared flour. Butter a pudding dish holding nearly two quarts and put in the drained peaches. Sift salt and flour together, rub in the butter till perfectly fine, beat the eggs and add to the milk, stirring it slowly into the flour. Beat to a smooth batter, pour over the peaches, and bake in a quick oven. It will require about half an hour and is much better eaten as soon as baked.

OLD DOMINION SAUCE.

Bring the juice poured off from the can of peaches to boiling point. Dissolve one tablespoonful of corn starch in half a teacupful of cold water, add to the juice and boil two minutes. Then add a small teacupful of sugar and if wine is not objected to one glass of sherry or Madeira. The sauce may be strained, but does not require it. In all cases where wine is mentioned as flavoring it is of course optional, many persons regarding its use as sinful. Education or conviction will govern here as elsewhere. In most rules where wine is specified as flavoring the juice and grated rind of a lemon will be, so far as sweet sauces are concerned, a pleasant substitute.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

OUR SOCIETY.

MARRIED PEOPLE IN SOCIETY.

THERE is a great change in these days from the feasts our grandmothers remember, in country neighborhoods, at which a man and his wife were always decorously seated side by side, to the society of to-day, where a husband is supposed to take leave of his wife for the evening, as he enters a drawing-room, and only to remember her existence again when they rise to return home.

Certainly nothing can be more out of taste than a parade of conjugality in public; and certainly if a husband and wife wish to converse with each other or to sit side by side in that sympathy so close that words are hardly needed, they can do so much more conveniently and with much less trouble at home. The object of going out into the world is, having squeezed dry one's own domestic orange to find one abroad of fresh flavor. Two people who depend solely upon each other for society for a length of time do not necessarily love each other the less for that reason. Very likely, instead, they grow more and more necessary to each other with every secluded week. All the same, it must be owned that the average man and woman get their topics of conversation worn threadbare under these circumstances, and feel a curious tendency to go to sleep when dinner is over. It is a good thing for them to go out, were it only to have something fresh to talk about when they return.

To this end they must devote themselves to new people. The husband takes some other man's wife out to dinner or supper, and the wife has an opportunity of seeing how books and politics and social topics in general impress a new person who has not told her all he thought so often that his very wisdom has grown meaningless. This is a benevolent scheme for giving the too-much-married a little vacation—but there may be such a thing as carrying this excellent theory too far.

Of course at a dinner party the arrangements are inexorable. If a husband has the duller wife in the room, whom yet he loves as men have been known to love dull women in spite of their dullness, he must resign himself to feel that the man she has been appointed to bore for two or three mortal hours will pity him, not knowing what a household blessing she is, or where the wings are hidden away underneath the silken shoulders of her best gown.

But at an evening party there is more freedom, and it is just a little shabby of a man to leave the wife whom he well knows to be a good deal shy or a trifle heavy to find a whole evening's amusement for herself.

There ought to be a code of minor social morals which would compel a man to look out of the corner of his eye and see not only whether his wife was well entertained but whether she was keeping one person too long because another failed to appear, or in any way was not quite at her ease, and come to her rescue if anything were going wrong, and bring her some old friend of his own or some woman with whom she would have a common interest. To take a woman of the shy, domestic type, not much accustomed to society, into a gay assembly and leave her to look out for herself for a whole evening is a sort of nameless cruelty quite unworthy of a man who loves his wife, or let us say, of a gentleman, whether he greatly loves his wife or not, for though love makes duties easy the lack of it does not make them less binding.

I hold that in small things as well as in great a husband should be his wife's protector, and should ward off all annoyances from her as far as possible. I think that he should be for her a sort of special providence and interpose himself as a shield between her and any possibility of annoyance. But the very essence of this care should be its unobtrusiveness and be absolutely invisible to others.

Are we women, then, any more independent of the general voice? Not as a rule.

Mrs. Carlyle knew what was in her husband long before the world found it out. She was his morning star and lighted him to the slow-coming dawn. But the ordinary woman, while she loves her husband with all her heart, is yet very apt to go to other people for her opinion of him. "People say that Henri writes beautiful poetry," said Heine's foolish little French wife, and she was very proud of him for the poems she had never read; but it takes a wife who has an imagination as well as a heart to understand an uncomprehended great man; to wait for his sun to rise, as did Mrs. Carlyle, or to sit with him among his visions and take for prophecy what the contemporary world looks on as folly and delusion, as did the wife of William Blake. For common mortals it is a great comfort to be proud of those we love, to feel that the world also has found them out and crowned them, even though it be only with the brief roses of a pretty woman's garland.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

"To what extent should children be taught to use the words 'Sir' and 'Ma'am'? Should they use them to parents, or discard them altogether?"

I think that "yes, papa," and "no, papa," would be better than "no, sir," and "yes, sir," to parents, lest the obsolete mannerism of "sir" and "ma'am" should get introduced into a child's style of conversation; but it seems to me that they might properly be taught to address very old people as "sir" and "ma'am," since that habit may be safely carried through life. In a dignified old age there is a certain royalty, and one would hardly answer the Queen with a plain "no."

"Should children be encouraged to correct colloquial errors in their superiors?"

As a rule, no—it would make them too bumptious and self-important; yet I have known a real advantage on both sides when parents and children mutually undertook to cure each other of some colloquialism indigenous to a neighborhood. It seems to me that children are quick to detect errors, and that a mother would lose respect, rather than gain it, by never being willing to admit herself in the wrong.

"What are the most respectful and at the same time affectionate forms of address from children to parents?"

For my own taste, I should prefer papa and mamma. Father and mother are equally respectful, and no doubt equally affectionate, but they seem to me to lack a certain intimacy of tenderness which the other words imply. Father and mother belong to the Puritans—the Roundheads of the world, as distinguished from the Cavaliers.

"How long ought a caller to remain after the arrival of another guest?"

Only a few moments, unless the hostess should show some especial desire to make her two visitors acquainted, and it should at once appear to be a mutual pleasure; as, for instance, in the case of two disciples of the same art, or of two people who have often heard of each other through a common friend.

"Should a lady who is making calls leave one or two cards of her husband's, and are cards engraved with Mr. and Mrs. good style?"

Cards on which Mr. and Mrs. are engraved together have mostly gone out of use, except for newly married people. The best form is a card for Mrs. John Jones, and a much smaller one for Mr. John Jones. In making a very ceremonious call on a married lady, the visitor leaves, not as formerly in the drawing-room, but on the hall table, two of her husband's cards, one being supposed to be for the lady she is visiting, and the other for the lady's husband. This is, just now, the custom; but to me it seems rather a superfluity of pasteboard, as husband and wife are supposed to be one, and to have their acquaintances in common.

An Inquirer wishes to know if after an estrangement of some months' duration from a lady who had been his friend, etiquette would allow him to send her a written invitation to go to the theatre with him, as a means of restoring the former friendliness.

Etiquette, dear Inquirer, would not seriously object; but if I were the lady I should prefer that my friend would quietly call on me and talk over the past disagreement, before inviting me to go out with him.

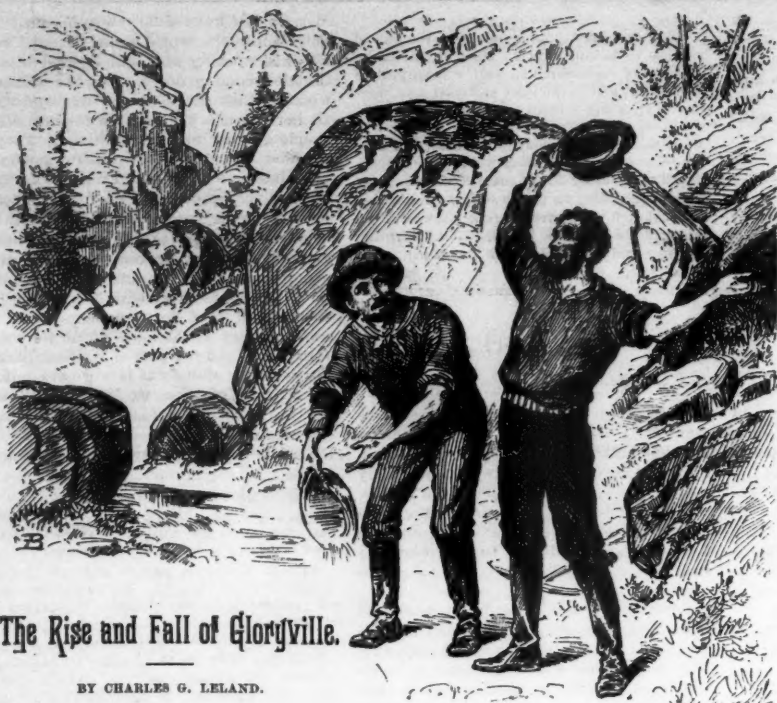
"When a man has missed a lady in several successive calls and she feels that he may begin to think it other than accidental, can she do anything to correct this impression?"

If she really desires the acquaintance it would be quite proper to write him a note and express her regret at having missed his visit and name some time when she will be sure to be at home.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

ROBERT HALL considered Cowper's letters as the finest specimen of the epistolary style in the English language. To an air of inimitable ease and carelessness they unite a high degree of correctness, such as could result only from the clearest intellect combined with the most finished taste. Cowper's prose may be as useful in forming the taste of young people as his poetry.

THERE is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works. In idleness alone is there perpetual despair.—Carlyle.



The Rise and Fall of Gloryville.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

I
WHERE the rockiest Rocky Mountains interview the scornful skies,
And the sager kinds of sage-bush in the middle distance rise,
There the cultured eye descending from the dreamlike azure hill,
Lights in an esthetic foreground on the town of Gloryville.

II
It was in the Middle Ages—'bout the end of Sixty-eight,
So I found the hoary legend written on an ancient slate—
That one Ezzy Jenks prospecting, when he reached this blooming spot,
Thus uplifted to his pardner: "Glory! Moses, let us squat!"

III
Thus rebounded Moses Adams: "Glory was the foremost word
Which in the untrammel'd silence of this wilderness was heard,
And I answer, dimly feelin' like a prophet, grand and slow,
"Glory kinder sounds like Money—up to glory let her go!"

IV
And this casual conversation in the year of Sixty-eight,
As if by an inspiration he recorded on a slate,
Which 'twas said in later ages—six weeks after—used to hang
As a curiositary in the principal shebang.

V
On the spot that very evening they perceived a beauteous gleam,
From a grain of shining metal in a wild auriferous stream.
As their eyes remarked the symptom thus their tongues responsive spoke:
"In this undiscovered section there is pay-dirt—sure as smoke!"

VI
Little boots or little shoes it to inform you
how like crows
To a carcass, folks came flying, and the
town of Glory rose.
As in country schools the urchins cast each
one a spittle-ball,
Till at last a monstrous paper-fungus gath-
ers on the wall.

VII
'Long the road they built their cabins, in a vis-a-visual way,
As if each man to his neighbor kind of wished to have his say.
But 'twas also said that like two rows of teeth the houses grew,
Threatening uncommon danger to the stranger passing through.

VIII
Yes, for like the note of freedom sounded on Hibernia's harp,
Every person in the party was a most uncommon sharp;
And it got to be a saying that from such an ornery cuss
As a regular Gloryvillian—Oh, good Law deliver us!



IX
First of all the pay-dirt vanished or became uncommon rare,
Then they wandered more than ever to the Cross and from the Square,
For when all resources failed them nary copper did they mind,
For they had fine-answering Genius, which is never left behind.

X
So they got incorporated as a city fair and grand,
Spreading memoirs of their splendor over many a distant land,
Mind I say in distant places—people near them never knew
Into what unearthly beauty the great town of Glory grew.

XI
Then they sent an ex-tra Governor over seas and far beyond,
Even unto distant Holland, loaded up with many a bond,
Splendidly engraved in London, having just the proper touch;
Quite imposing—rather—for they did impose upon the Dutch.

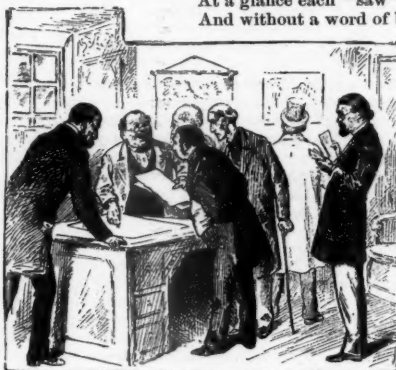
XII
And with every bond the Governor had a picture to bestow
Of the town of Gloryville a-bathing in the sunset's glow;
This they had performed in Paris by an artist full of cheek,
Who was told to draw a city *comme il faut* dans l'Amérique.

XIII
The ideas of this artist were idead from long ago,
Out of scenery in an opera, "Cortez in the Mexico."
Therefore all his work expanded with expensive fallacies:
Castles, towered walls, pavilions, real-estately palaces.

XIV
In the fore-ground lofty palm-trees as if full of soaring love,
Bore up cocoa-nuts and monkeys to the smiling Heaven above;
Jet black Indian chieftains at their feet to lovely girls were sighin',
With an elephant beyond them—here and there a casual lion.

XV
You have seen in Pilgrim's Progress the Celestial City stand
Like a hub in half a cart-wheel raying light o'er all the land.
Well, in that, it is the felloses of the wheel which cause the blaze,
So in Gloryville the fellows were the ones who made the rays.

XVI
When these views were well matured the Governor went to Amsterdam,
Where to Mynheer Schmucl Ganef first of all he made his slam,
At a glance each "saw" the other—at a glance they went aside,
And without a word of bother soon the plan was cut and dried.



XVII
For one hundred thousand dollars then
the Governor at will
Held in pawn the full fee-simple of the
town of Gloryville.
"Dat for you," said Schmucl Ganef, "is,
I dink, not much too much,
But I makesh de shtock a million ven
I sells him to the Dutch."

XVIII
And the secret of his selling was upon
the artful plan
Known to the police in Paris as the *vol*
Américain,
Whereby he who does the spilling man-
ages the man who's spilt
Very nicely, for he makes him an accom-
plice in the guilt.

XIX
Even as of old great sages managed the Parisian *fonds*,
So in Amsterdam Heer Ganef peddled out his Glory bonds;
And to all he slyly whispered, "I will let you in de first
On de ground floor—sell out quickly—for you know de ding may burst."

XX
Woe to you who live by thieving, though you be of rogues the chief,
Even the greatest will discover in due time his master-thief.
True, he "let them in," and truly on the very bottom floor,
But was with the Gloryvillians in the cellar long before.

XXI
And to tell you how the biters all got bitten were in vain;
Here the Governor leaves my story and he comes not in again.
I will pass to later ages, when all Gloryville, you bet,
Found itself extreme encumbered with an extra booming debt.

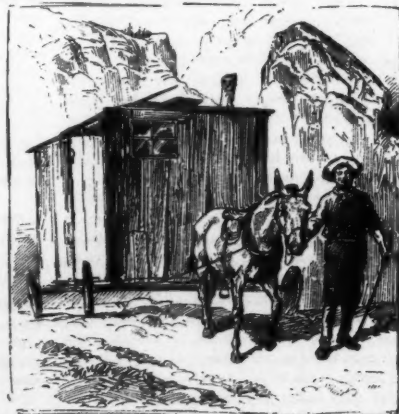
XXII
Those who sold the bonds had vanished, those who hadn't held the town,
Little knew they of its glory over seas or great renown.
They had nothing of the fruitage, though, alas, they held the plant,
Nothing saw they of the picture, save, indeed, the Elephant.

XXIII
He who had been in the background now came trampling to the fore,
Terribly he trampled on them, very awful was his roar!
Very dreadful is the silence when no human voice responds
To a legal requisition for the interest of our bonds.

XXIV
But ere long a shrewd reflection unto Moses Adams came—
"Darned ef I'm a-gine to suffer fur another party's game;
Wings is given to muskeeters—like muskeeters men can fly,
Ef a strawberry vine can travel with its roots then why not I?"

XXV
Silently, in secret, Moses to himself a plan
reveals,
Got a three-inch plank and sawed it into
surreptitious wheels,
And when night in solemn mystery had
succeeded unto day,
Put his hut and things on axles, and quite
lonely drove away

XXVI
To a place just over yonder by the old
Coyote Road;
There, no more a man of glory, Moses
Adams dropped his load,
And when resting from his labor and re-
freshing from his jug,
Having known a town called Julesburg
called his shanty Splendorbug.



XXVII

On the following morn as usual in due time arose the sun,
And the Gloryvillins followed his example, one by one,
While he smiled upon the city, as on other things beneath,
'Twas observed one snag was wanting in the double row
of teeth.

XXVIII

Little said the Left-behinders, but they seemed to take
the hint,
And each man surveyed his neighbor with a shrewd and
genial squint;
All day long there was a sound of sawing timber up and
down,
Seven more houses in the morning were a-wanting in the
town.

XXIX

And before the week departed all the town departed too,
Just like swallows in the autumn to another soil they
flew;
Only that unlike the sparrows which we hear of in the
song,
When the Gloryvillins squandered each one took his nest
along.

XXX

All except one ancient darkey, obstinate and blind and
lame,
Who for want of wheels and credit could not follow up
the game,
So the others had to leave him, which they did without
regret,
Left him there without a copper—just one million deep in
debt.



XXXI

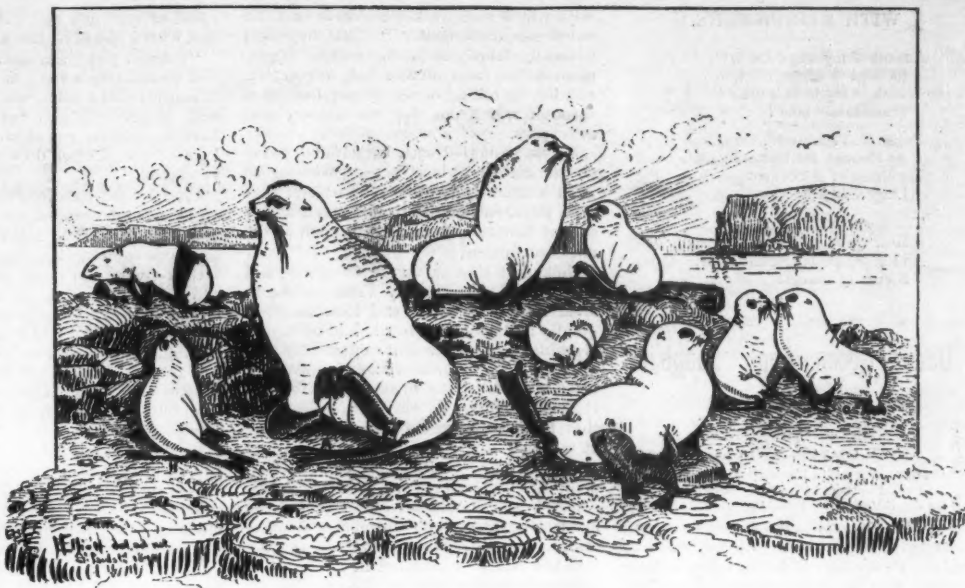
If you seek them you may find them comfortable as in a
rug,
All of them at length established in the town of Splendor-
bug,
And the driver to the traveler as by Gloryville he goes,
Points him out an ancient darkey who a million dollars
owes.

A WARNING.

It is often questioned why English designs both in textile fabrics and in art in general fall so far below the productions of Lyons and other foreign manufacturing centres. The reason is plain, though the questioners have not yet accepted it as fact. Both designers and operatives spend their lives in an atmosphere so clouded and darkened by smoke that any perception of gradation or subtle contrast in color is impossible. Technical education of course insures accuracy in form, but unless form is also in harmony with the material nothing is gained. There must be clear air to insure clear perception, and fog and fume without mean inevitably fog and fume within. The clouds of smoke and noxious gases from the chimneys of great factories, destroying vegetation and imperiling health, are doing an even deeper harm, and impaired and blunted perceptions, both morally and intellectually, are the result of neglect in searching out means to prevent their damages.

Smoke-saving apparatus is now sufficiently perfected to do away with many of the evils felt in manufacturing districts, and the use of it both in England and America should be made obligatory by law. Industrial ascendancy can only be assured by the excellence and artistic beauty of manufactures, and so long as smoke rules such beauty will become more and more an impossibility. Blunted and deadened sensitiveness from these causes holds two results; for the common operative more and more drunkenness and general brutality, for the higher class a permanent settling into "Philistinism," and thus humanitarians as well as political economists are alike interested in immediate agitation of what is by no means a sentimental grievance but a growing evil.

THE latest form of bore has been proved to be a body that one would suppose to be exempt from such possibility, otherwise sponges. After long inspection under the microscope it seems proven beyond question that instead of being bored, as they have popularly been supposed to be, they bore, oyster shells having been shown which had been perforated by sponges. A German microscopist has come to the same conclusion. It may be added that it applies to but one genus of sponges, the Clione.



A, an old male, 7 to 15 years.
B, a young male, 6 years.
C, young males, 3 years.
D, female nursing its young, I.

E, female in her proportionate size to the male.
F, female sleeping.
G, female sleeping and "fanning" herself.
H, female "crooning" to the male.

THE FUR SEAL.

(*Callorhinus Ursinus*.)

BY PROF. HENRY W. ELLIOTT.

It is a somewhat singular fact that we owe the preservation of the great seal "rookeries" of Behring Sea, the only ones now existent upon the face of the earth, to the shrewd good sense of those grasping, irresponsible Russian autocrats who, as governors of the old Russian American Fur Company, exercised the powers of absolute despotism over all that region which we now own and style Alaska. I say it is a singular fact, simply because the breeding grounds of the southern seas, whereupon these valuable pinnipeds bred in countless myriads when first discovered and noticed by Dampier in 1687 and Cook in 1771-74, have been utterly eliminated from the faces of the hundreds of islands and islets of the Antarctic by the greedy, misguided slaughter and waste of all nationalities—American, French, English, Spanish and Dutch; so much so that a scanty thousand skins or so are now only to be procured from the whole of that vast area where in 1801-36 hundreds of thousands and even millions of pelts were annually secured by the combined large sealing fleets of the several nations above mentioned.

No more grasping, avaricious gain getters than the Russians are known to history, yet their preservation of these seal rookeries on the Pribylov Islands, Alaska and the Commander Islands, off the Kamtchatkan coast (both groups in Behring Sea), is a bright page in the dark record which they have left behind them. From these rookeries of Behring Sea nine-tenths of the entire supply of those valuable fur seal peltries annually offered in the world's market are derived—can be secured nowhere else, viz.: 100,000 from our Alaskan islands, St. Paul and St. George; 48,000 from the Russian group, Behring and Copper Islands; the balance of the catch, some 15,000 skins, is derived from the once multitudinous but now desolated breeding grounds of the Antarctic, and those taken by the Indians of the northwest coast, principally out at sea, off the entrance to the Straits of Fuca; a few thousands also come from a small rookery which the Argentine Republic fosters and protects near the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, at Cabo Corrientes.

Thus it is plainly presented that we possess in our two small islands of St. Paul and St. George the source of nearly two-thirds of the entire annual aggregate of supply for the fur seal markets of the world, and as such an important field of amphibian life and monetary consequence, a brief epitome of the ground itself may be interesting.

The islands of St. Paul and St. George constitute, with several smaller islets and outlying rocks, the Pribylov group; they were unknown to savage or civilized man prior to their first discovery by a Russian sailor, Gerasim Pribylov, who, after vainly searching for them in fog and tempest during three long years, finally ran upon the rocks of St. George in June, 1786; he was quickly followed by others, who established themselves upon the islands and slew the unhappy seals by the hundreds of thousands annually, so that it was very fortunate that the entire region of Alaska passed into the absolute control of the Russian American Fur Company in 1799; had it not been so I think the same extirpation of the Pribylov rookeries would be recorded that we now find so disgracefully written in the case of the southern seas.

To these small islands of Behring Sea, the Pribylov and the Commander groups, and to this land alone, does the fur seal repair at regular periods every year for the purpose of reproduction and of shedding; in earlier times, when the Spaniards and the Russians first visited California, fur seals were often found on the Guadaloup Islands and even upon the Farrallones, just outside of the Golden Gate; but then only in small numbers. Since 1835 none have been observed there, or at least no authentic record to that end can be found.

The business of sealing on our Pribylov Islands and as conducted by the Russians on the Commander group, is in brief exactly as we would manage a herd of cattle; we kill nothing up there but young male seals and never dis-

turb a female; the fur seals are born about half males and half females in the aggregate birth rate, and seven out of every ten males can be safely killed without doing the slightest injury to the regular perpetuation of the seal life on the breeding grounds; for the *Callorhinus* is the most eminent of all polygamists, so much so that by its own rules and regulations every male has from twelve to twenty and even forty females in its own particular charge and reservation. By this habit only the oldest, most robust and vigorous of the males can come upon the rookeries, and all the balance of their sex, the troops of young males under six years, hundreds of thousands of them, are obliged to herd apart and far from the breeding grounds where all the females gather, from the age of two years upward.

From these large herds of wandering "bachelors," or "holluschickie," as the natives aptly style them, the selection of the 100,000 skins for exportation annually is made; they are all taken late in June and early July of every season, being easily secured and driven like so many sheep or hogs up to the village, where they are slaughtered and the skins salted, then bundled for shipping; upon each skin the government receives a tax and rental of \$3.17 or \$317,000 for the whole catch of 100,000 per annum. This makes a very neat return of 4½ per cent. upon the entire sum expended for the purchase of Alaska, i. e., \$7,200,000. And as the business is now conducted the revenue thus derived will be an everlasting one, for the records of a score of reputable and intelligent agents of the government, made during the last ten years, upon the condition of the seal life at St. Paul and St. George are all unanimous in one respect, and that is that there is no diminution as to numbers of seals up there—if anything that there are more seals on the Pribylov Islands to-day than there were in 1870, when the islands were leased by Congress to the Alaska Commercial Company of San Francisco for a term of twenty years.

The writer has had an extended personal residence on these interesting rookeries, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, and until he made his drawings and studies from the life thereon no correct representation of this valuable animal had ever been given to the people or to scientists; the idea of the supine and shapeless hair-seal (*Phoca vitulina*) was the universally accepted form ascribed to the fur seal; in order that the wide difference between these animals, though they are so closely related, may be appreciated, the author offers to the readers of "OUR CONTINENT" one of his pen and ink sketches carefully studied from the mighty pinnipedian hosts which environed him during the seasons of 1872-76 inclusive on the Pribylov Islands.

THE inhabitants of the Laccadives have ended at last an experience of a most unusual, and on the whole bewildering character. Their food supplies come from their abundant fisheries and their palm trees, but the latter were suddenly attacked by swarms of rats. Where they came from could not be decided, but their intentions were less problematical. They built nests in the crowns and feasted daily on the young nuts. The islanders at last seeing that disappearance of half their food supply was certain appealed to the government, and the government after holding a council sent a supply of cats. Unfortunately fish were even more abundant than rats. The cats feasted on them at the foot of every tree, declining to climb for rats when something much more to their taste could be had without climbing, and as a solution of this second phase of the problem the authorities sent them the mongoose. The mongoose finding chickens plenty gave his undivided attention to hencoops, and the discouraged government added a colony of owls to their previous contributions. To the islanders the owl was a "devil bird," and every child being frightened out of its wits, and every old woman prophesying worse evils to come, the inhabitants waited till agitation had subsided, then pecked cats, owls and mongoose into a canoe and landed them on an uninhabited reef, having settled in their own minds that the rats were probably messengers of the rat-god, a god of trees, and as such to be let alone till they themselves elected to depart.

WITH HER PICTURE.

SHADE of my wayward face,
Painted in daring gold,
Win thou my lover's praise
Passionately bold!

Praise that shall echo long,
As through the mountain high
Thrillings of Alpine song
Lingeringly die;

Till I, who wait a sign
Hear through the dusk my name,
And know his heart, like mine,
Eternally aflame!

SHERWOOD BONNER.

Under Green Apple Boughs.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others."

Under the cedars Geike paced back and forth, revolving the same problem tormenting the Professor within, at times lashing himself with fierce reproaches at his own stupidity, his own presumption, and settling into the dull pain of conviction that the younger man had intervened and shut off all possibility of hope for himself.

"It may come," he said at last. "But I think well, there is no such fate for Geike. No, that is not what life brings. But I will watch her, and she shall have forever a friend, who is no more friend but lover. She shall be guarded, and it may be that in the end—who knows?"

In her own room, the sheets of Fred's letter before her, Sylvia all unconscious of the sudden, bitter sadness possessing the three whose life she made, sat with hot dry eyes pondering their contents and seeking from the passionate words and long explanations some key to her future action. Fred had told her the whole truth, believing that and the knowledge of the bond whose existence he had concealed his surest passport to toleration if not forgiveness. He appealed to her pity; painted his own despair on discovering after the engagement to Clara had been irrevocably made, that all his love belonged to the child he had saved and whose life was his own by every bond. If he had in any way deceived it had been through the sorest temptation of his life. He implored her pardon for his madness and abased himself for having for one instant harbored the thought that she could listen to his evil angel speaking through him.

"So my love," the letter ended, "for my love you are and must be forever, whether you will or no, you know now all I have to tell. Judge me as you will, severely or gently, but do not forget that I renounce any claim upon you save that of continued friendship. I have hurt you almost to death, my pearl. That I saw. Forgive me if you can, and let me have all there is left of any possibility of affection. Think how dreary a thing life must be without you in it; and in the little while I am still to be with you forget my madness and give me once more the comradeship so infinitely better than nothing. I do not deserve it; but you know now something of the working of a man's nature, and if my evil spirit spoke once or even twice, know that it is laid and that I beg for our old footing. For the sake of our friends, Sylvia, as well as our own, let this all be buried. I shall return in a few days unless you write otherwise. Knowing your power, be merciful."

"Merciful!" she repeated bitterly. "What mercy has he had?" and then sat silent.

"Let it go on," she said at last. "I see no other way myself if I would spare these friends the shock—the horror such knowledge would be. How can I carry a quiet face? It is vile deceit, and yet it is even worse when but a month remains to open their eyes. I must wait and bear it as I can. God help me!"

Sylvia opened her desk, folded the letter and slipped it into a small letter case once the property of Miss Boynton's elder sister, a quaint and faded bit of the past, still holding the faint scent of dried rose leaves, and locked it in an inner drawer.

The four met at dinner a little quieter and graver than usual, but accounting for it on the ground of the sultry day and hard work, and each looked at the other with no knowledge of the conflict out of which their souls had come. Strange wall of separation, invisible to dearest eyes who look on unconscious of its existence, and believing themselves in fullest possession of all that makes the daily life of those

with whom they walk. To their ears our voices are unchanged. To ours they seem sounding faintly from far remote spaces, shutting us from human help or comfort, and faintly telling of the deeper loneliness through which one day the solitary soul must pass.

Sylvia struggled with herself and in the end succeeded, at least in part, wearing so good a semblance of her usual self that Miss Boynton's anxious look faded away, and at last they talked with much of the old cheerfulness.

Geike left them a day or two later, and on the following Monday Fred walked in after work had begun and took his place quietly and as if no break had occurred. Nothing could have more effectually disarmed Sylvia. Her own wound must still bleed inwardly, but now she almost forgave the whole, calling it only a wretched fate that had hedged them in, and condoning at moments even his worst weakness and wrong. Love was dead she knew; the ardent, unquestioning love of utter confidence, but in its place came a tenderness mysterious to herself, the mother element lying in the heart of every woman for the man she has loved. Even in moments of bitterest resentment this came. She longed to help Fred, to reconcile him with life as it must be, to break this bond, not for her own sake, for to marry him now would have been impossible, but to make his path freer and hinder the wrong that must come in perpetuating a false tie.

"I cannot," Fred said when a day came on which she urged this. "Clara loves me and I must marry her or break her heart."

Sylvia's eyes flashed. Then she looked wistfully at him.

"Can it ever be right to do wrong?" she said. "I wish I knew. Things are so tangled, and I used to think them so simple. Now everything shades in so, one cannot tell where right ends and wrong begins. By and by I suppose that everything will be neutral, a dreadful dirty gray, just the color of some minds I have known. I wonder if it all comes in the same way, and if I am to end so too."

"Hardly," Fred answered, looking at her with a tender respect he had never before shown, and which Sylvia found both comforting and assuring. "You can never be anything but noble, come what will."

"I wish"—Sylvia began, then stopped suddenly. To finish the sentence as her thought held it—"I wish that you would be noble, come what will," seemed an implied appeal to Fred on her own behalf, while he having convinced himself that opportunity had not vanished so utterly as he had feared, looked at her for an instant, wondering if her love might not in the end again be strong enough to meet any condition he might present.

To Sylvia these days might have been multiplied by thousands, so remote did the last seem from the first. There had been moments when a deep bitterness filled her, and she looked at Fred with a passion of burning resentment.

"Why was he not man enough to keep still if he had settled in his own mind that he must marry Clara?" she thought. "I despise him. He is not only weak but wicked. No woman can trust him."

Then meeting his troubled and questioning eyes, feeling his weakness and for the first time in her life pitying rather than despising such temperament, she sought with sad eagerness for some answer in her own mind to the problem before them. But when Fred one evening, emboldened by the gentleness of her look as she turned toward him to say good night, bent to her with a passionate longing in his eyes and would have drawn her to him, she put him aside.

"No, Fred. Never again," she said.

"You have no right, and if you had I do not care for it now."

"But you would care if I had a right, Sylvia?"

"No. Why should I? I do not love you any more, at least in that way."

Fred winced as if he had been struck a sudden blow.

"Not love me?" he said. "I thought you were faithful, Sylvia. I was sure of that."

"I am faithful to what demands faith and secures it, but how can I be faithful to a lie? A lie is all there really was between us. You never meant what you said."

"Take care," said Fred passionately. "I will not have even you say I was false. Whatever real power of loving is in me I gave you months ago. You hold it now. You shall not say you do not care. You do!"

He threw his arms about her. Sylvia struggled away, but not till he had rained kisses on her hair, her face, her hands. She

stood at last, pale and cold and looked at him with a gleam he had never seen.

"I detest you," she said. "You are base and abominable when you use your man's strength to take what you know I have no wish to give. If you have any desire to have me tolerate you at all remember this. I could wish, I often do wish, never to see you again."

Fred would have answered, but as she spoke a step sounded on the walk. The gate clicked. Rex barked joyfully, and some one came up the steps.

Geike, who had come out for the night and caught the tone of the last words, looked sharply at Fred's flushed face.

"So," he said. "Still talking. Always talking. I leave you so, and when I come it is yet not settled. Is it chemistry this time or astrology? If the latter, I can help. I am but just come from a convocation of star people."

Fred passed on, glad to escape the penetrating eyes he had learned to dread, but Geike took Sylvia's hand, and, standing silent for a moment, drew her to where the moonlight fell full upon her face. There was an indefinable change, something taken away or something added, he sought to learn which. Sylvia met his look quietly and the sternness relaxed.

"Always I have fear," he said, "till I look at you well. Then I will not believe my fears, but a woman can hide her thought well. Sylvia, my flower, I know not what is in your mind. Sometimes I have fear. Whatever it is if the time comes tell me. I shall always help. I would do more. I think I may yet tell you what more, but surely not now. Something feels wrong. The house is not what it was. I wish a change may come. Would you like change?"

"I do not know," Sylvia said wearily. "I am a little tired. Perhaps we are all tired and need it, Miss Boynton most of all. I had not thought till to-day how thin she is growing, and I saw my Professor looking at her anxiously as I did not know he could look. She has worked too hard, and now it is time to stop. It is almost October."

"When does that jackanapes sail?" growled Geike. "He has made her double work with his useless studying."

"I did not know there were scientific jackanapes," Sylvia said lightly.

"They are in all things, my flower," Geike answered, "and the scientific one can less be forgiven than the rest. He has more knowledge and twists it worse. To pervert the best is deadly sin, and he lives to pervert. It is well that he goes. May he never return?"

"I could almost wish it myself," Sylvia thought, as she went to her own room. "It is all misty and uncertain. Will life ever seem again good as I thought it such a little while ago. Oh, my God, in whom I will believe, show me what to do! Keep me quiet! Make me know!"

Leaving from the window and looking up to the dark, clear blue the thought went on.

"And that is strangest of all, that suddenly, when a God had seemed a superfluity for any personal need, and I thought of one, if there were one at all, only as a Creator—an embodied Law—that a grief, sharp and unbearable, impels me to a belief I do not now find reasonable. Yet if this moth flying by me has existence and is upheld by that law, why should I not believe that there is recognition of me and my need? Sorrow seems the most selfish of reasons for seeking to know, yet alone, face to face with this strange, mysterious power, my own soul, I am overwhelmed. I must know. I will know."

Doubt and sorrow struggled that night as many nights before, but of the four only Catherine Boynton had learned the lesson of submission and found how heavily she could lean upon a love, becoming dimly visible to the child over whom she yearned, but still a myth to the two men who also sought gropingly for light yet believed no light could come.

Never in any or all the years since her lonely childhood ended had Sylvia gone about with the same feeling as that which filled her in this last week of Fred's stay at home. She walked to the old mill one afternoon and talked with the Van Sittart pair, both very little changed from the time she first remembered them. She lingered long at the spring, looking once more in the clear water, and thinking with a pang of the two epochs it had made in her life.

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting," she murmured, bending over it. "That day when my Professor found me here woke me from the first. That in which the knowledge of good and evil came to me at once must be all 'a forgetting.' That can never be though, for this burden of re-

membering will not be thrown off. I wonder if Fred has this sense of weight, or if he casts it aside and will by and by be free!"

Sylvia sat there long in silence. Simon came near enough once or twice to see her and reported to his wife that she was not "over her queer ways yet, though she had turned into a good-lookin' gal."

She turned at last toward home with a final look at the scene, unchanged in all the years save for a thickened growth of vine and tree, and then, with the low rumble of the mill wheel in her ears, walked away. Half way home Clarkson Van Dusen passed her, driving swiftly, and smiled an evil smile as he whirled by. Of late Sylvia had noticed that he did not avoid her; that he even took some pains to approach her and smiled always with this familiar and evil smile, as if some understanding existed between them. She had shrunk from this with a sense of some new danger, impossible to guess yet biding its time, and drew a long breath of relief as the dust hid him from view. The old clam-man came jogging along, and for a few minutes she walked by the wagon, listening to his last experience with the five step-children, who had proved a less manageable property than the "eight pigs," though all possessing in kind the quality of going the wrong way when driven. Eleanor Keble and Clara Courtney passed her in Clara's pony phaeton and Eleanor's lip curled as she turned to Clara.

"You are more likely to find her in that sort of society than in that of the proper people," she said. "Fred isn't with her, however. Where do you suppose he is?"

"He may have seen us and retreated under cover temporarily," said Clara. "I'll tell you how we can know. Turn up this new road. You know it comes out into this half a mile above. I must say she is a cool one if he is in hiding anywhere."

Eleanor laughed.

"Of course she is cool," she said. "That is her distinguishing trait. I am glad you don't worry over things, Clara, but then you see, just as we do, that Fred isn't altogether responsible. She's very deep. We can't make her out."

"That surprises me. To me she is simple enough," Clara answered, at once, however, privately retracting the statement, and owing to herself that when this erratic and willful young man had become her property he should pay dearly for every apprehension or discomfort he had brought upon her. Clara was as deeply in love as a nature profound only in selfishness could be, and resented passionately the slight put upon her in Fred's ill-concealed devotion to this nameless girl. At times she had even been inclined to break the engagement, but one look from Fred disarmed her and she yielded, chafing against a power she could not withstand. Many women had felt its charm, and Clara knew well that Fred was not absolutely dependent and could easily win an even higher prize than herself. The consciousness helped to insure her silence, and Fred simulated, and indeed, with his contradictory nature, often felt a devotion slightly tinged with penitence, that, while embittering Clara still more toward Sylvia, made forgiveness of the real culprit very easy.

In no definite words had Fred ever said "I am under a spell and not responsible," but the whole family accepted this interpretation of the case, shook their heads pitifully as he turned each morning toward the Professor's and greeted him as a prodigal son when he again appeared. Fred smiled, well satisfied that it should be so, and daily presumed more and more upon the tacit license. To-day, however, much as he would have liked to join Sylvia, unexpectedly he had been obliged to go to town, and so, when a few minutes later the two came out on the main road, they saw only the slender, upright figure of the girl walking steadily forward.

"Not there after all," said Clara with a sigh of relief, very slight, yet quite audible to Eleanor's quick ears. "Suppose we take her in. This seat is wide."

"Don't," said Eleanor. "I would not have her know I even thought of such a possibility. Drive on."

Clara obeyed. Sylvia looked up as they passed, smiled in answer to their nod and fell again into the thought from which they had momentarily aroused her. That evening she sat late by Miss Boynton, talking brightly and with something of the old eagerness they had for a time missed, and as she kissed them both good night and left the room Miss Boynton looked after her with a deep tenderness.

"Something new is developing in the child," she said. "I did not know it was

wanting till it came. Now I know that she has been just a little hard, for this exquisite gentleness brings tears to my eyes. How we love her!"

"Yes, we love her," the Professor answered, and then was silent. A passionate longing came upon him to tell his sister the new revelation of himself to himself, but remembering her weakness he kept it back. "She has borne all my burdens long," he thought. "This one I will carry alone."

Miss Boynton looked at him wistfully, divining a trouble from this unaccustomed silence, but attributing it to his sorrow on her behalf and the effort both had made to go on in the old way as if no shadow had fallen upon it. She, too, was silent therefore, and the opportunity vanished, to be recalled when too late with a bitter longing that they might have understood, and so perhaps have averted something of what followed.

The second of October came—a day of heavy, pouring rain. Mrs. Keble had been ill and Eleanor would not leave her. Clara declared that she would not make one of the rabble on a muddy deck, and that she preferred private to public good-bys. Sylvia also declined to go in, and had listened to Fred's entreaties the day before, mild at first, but ending in a strong imperativeness she hardly understood.

"Why should you urge so?" she asked at last. "It is only painful, and does no good to either."

"Because, Sylvia, I must have your face last of all in my mind. Promise that you will come. I shall go after you if you are not there by one."

"Why one? The steamer does not sail till three. There is no satisfaction in a crowd."

"There is no crowd," Fred answered eagerly. "It is one of the smallest passenger lists ever known on that line, and every one will be settling in their state-rooms and getting ready for the inevitable sea-sickness. Promise."

"Very well," Sylvia said, still wondering at his suppressed eagerness, and wishing she might escape a thing so utterly against her own desire and mood. It was the last sacrifice, however, and she made ready for town next morning with a sense that the long, hard strain was almost over.

"I have a note from Dr. Kingsley," Miss Boynton said. "He is very sorry, but he has a special call for John to meet some physician about an analysis at just the hour he was to have gone to the steamer with you. However, that will make no difference. Dr. Kingsley says he will see you over himself in his coupé and that you shall be well taken care of. You must go to his office, you know, for he has a little medicine for me that you are to bring out."

"I don't want to leave you," Sylvia said, looking at her earnestly. "You look wretchedly. You have looked so for a long time. What is the matter? Tell me."

"Tiredness," said Miss Boynton, trying to smile as usual. "Go your way, child, and bring me a tonic."

Sylvia moved away, then suddenly turned, and kneeling down by the chair kissed her passionately many times.

"You must not be sick," she said. "You shall not. From this day on I mean to make you well. Ah, my Professress! Why haven't we attended to you better? It is very bad that only in this hour I see how worn you are and how you need to be taken care of. It was wicked in you not to speak."

Sylvia hurried away, joining the Professor, who sat in the carriage shouting that they would be late, and the two went at once to their usual working place, where of late she had often gone in Miss Boynton's stead. Here they were busy until half-past twelve, and then Sylvia rose.

"It's very provoking," said the Professor irritably, "that I can't go with you. I don't half fancy your going alone or even going at all except for Fred's feelings. The rain swashes so you will be floated off the decks. Don't stay."

"No, indeed," said Sylvia, lingering she hardly knew why. "I am sorry now that I promised, but I must go."

The wistfulness of her look struck the Professor. Some inward pain he knew was there, but believed it to spring from the conflict resulting from Geike's proposition, and while resenting the thought that she could for an instant harbor it, attributed all restlessness or inexplicable change to this cause. That Fred, who seemed to him still little more than a boy, could have anything to do with it never for one instant occurred, and he regarded to-day's good-bys as only that of two children who had been playfellows and had now a somewhat childish wish to see the very last of one another. His own longing, a strange and un-

accustomed desire, made him oblivious to anything that might have pointed to a different set of conclusions, and he looked at the girl with a sternly repressed yearning to tell his story and to hold the little figure in his arms, no more as master and friend but lover.

"It will be settled soon," he thought. "Evidently a decision is at hand, and then I shall know. I am glad we are all to have change."

"Shall I meet you here or at the train?" asked Sylvia.

"At the train, child. I shall go straight there from up town. Four o'clock, remember."

"Just time to get comfortably across the city," said Sylvia. "Good-by till then."

It was but a few minutes past one when she reached Dr. Kingsley's office. He was out but expected every moment the man said, and Sylvia at first paced up and down as was her custom when a little nervous, but finally took up a book and settling in an easy chair near the window tried to read. At moments she lost herself in the book. Then came the consciousness of this strange delay, a fear that after all Fred was to be disappointed, and when at last looking at her watch she found it to be a quarter past two a thrill of pain as she realized that to reach the steamer now was practically out of the question. At this moment the coupé dashed up. Dr. Kingsley threw open the door beckoning as he saw Sylvia, who met him at the hall door.

"Ten thousand pardons!" he said, hurrying her to the coupé and springing in again himself. "A very sick patient insisted upon having a crisis in which I could not leave him, but as I was in despair over the unfortunate happening it occurred to me we could do this. The steamer you know stops just outside the Hook to give final letters to the pilot boat, and many go down the bay and return in that way. It is a short trip, and though the day is very rough I think you must be willing to take it to save Fred from complete disappointment."

"Impossible!" said Sylvia with a quick shudder. "I could not do that. I must take the four o'clock train home."

"I can settle all that," said Dr. Kingsley. "I can telegraph them you will not be out till later and that you are in my charge. Miss Boynton has great confidence in me."

"I know she has," said Sylvia. "But I can't see how I can do it. I wish Fred were not expecting me."

"I know how scrupulous you are in such ways," said Dr. Kingsley, "and this requires instant decision."

Sylvia still demurred, but as Dr. Kingsley urged became silent, dreading to seem unreasonable and wondering what was best. He saw the change, and talking steadily that there might be no further opportunity for objection helped her out hurriedly when the pier was reached, pausing only a moment for a word with the driver. Sylvia felt rather than saw her way up the narrow gangway and in a moment was greeted by Fred, very pale and with a strange look of concentrated eagerness in his eyes.

"I thought you would fail me," he said. "Yet I could not believe it. Now you must go down to Sandy Hook, for I have many things to say. You will not mind the rain, will you?"

Even as he spoke the plank was being hauled in and the last sounds of preparation for departure were heard. Once more old women held up baskets of fruit and newsboys yelled the last number of *Harper's Weekly* and the morning papers. Dr. Kingsley motioned to his driver, who turned and was gone in a moment.

"That settles it," he said quietly. "We are both going down to the Hook. Where's your father, Fred?"

"Gone not more than five minutes ago. Mother is sick you know, and he is going back in the four o'clock train."

"You have not telegraphed," said Sylvia hastily. "Oh, that is bad! What will they think?"

"Sam is to attend to that," said Dr. Kingsley. "You did not notice perhaps that I gave him orders as I left the carriage. I can trust him thoroughly. I am going through the saloon a moment to see if I have any friends on board."

Fred seated Sylvia in the small deck cabin as Dr. Kingsley went down. She took her place on a sofa pale and disturbed, and looked about uneasily for a moment, then rose.

"It is useless, Fred," she said. "I can't bear it. I must go ashore."

"Too late," said Fred. "We are off."

Sylvia sank back so pale that he sprang up alarmed, then recovered herself.

"I must be sensible," she said, "and I

will, but for an instant I had that old sensation. I may bear it an hour or two, but a week I think would kill me."

"Not a soul I have ever seen before," said Dr. Kingsley's voice, "except, curiously enough, an army chaplain I used to know. You know him too, Fred. Hill. Don't you remember? 'The Meteor' he used to be called, for his beard is fire red, and long as the tail of a comet. He had caught a glimpse of you, Fred, and curious as of old, asked if that was your sister or your wife with you. I see that several state-rooms are empty, and that is extraordinary at this season. You will not be bothered with noise, for there is nobody on either side of you."

The two men exchanged a glance unseen by Sylvia. Dr. Kingsley chatted a few moments then rose again.

"I must go back and talk to Hill," he said, "or we shall have him descending upon us. To head him off through the voyage will tax all your ingenuity, Fred, unless you find him amusing enough to be tolerated. I see him now."

Sylvia glanced for an instant at an exceedingly tall and slender man, whose fiery hair and beard fully deserved the name bestowed upon him, and who paused with one foot on the cabin stairs, his curious glancing red eyes taking them all in. Then Dr. Kingsley hurried down and engrossed him and Fred began to talk. A strange constraint was upon both. Sylvia regretted bitterly that she had allowed herself to be persuaded into staying on board, and was struggling also with the old terror, increased by every sudden splash of the waves or unexpected movement of the steamer. Fred watched her steadily.

"You are in a bad place," he said at last. "I think you had better come below a little while."

Sylvia yielded mechanically. She was not sick but a heavy oppression was upon her, stirred by sudden terrors, and she clung to his arm as they went down the stairs. Dr. Kingsley and his friend were not in sight and the saloon was almost deserted, the majority of the cabin passengers, realizing the night they were likely to have, having gone to their berths. Sylvia sat quietly a few moments but grew paler.

"You must lie down," Fred said imperatively, throwing open a door near them and leading her to a berth. Sylvia was gasping for breath. The old terror was upon her. Fred laid her in the berth and drew a vial from his pocket.

"Lie perfectly quiet," he said. "You know that I am a doctor now, Sylvia. Do as I tell you and in a few moments you will be better."

The smell of ether filled the room as he took out the stopper, but Sylvia was past comment or question. She looked up in the dumb terror Fred remembered, then as the anæsthetic did its work lay there white and still, as once before in the past he had seen her. He stood almost equally pale and looked at her unconscious form, then drawing a brandy flask from his pocket drank deeply, and passing out closed the door softly.

Dr. Kingsley and Mr. Hill were walking up and down in earnest conversation, and came forward as they saw him.

"I fear your sister is likely to have a hard passage," said Dr. Kingsley. "Hill, you remember Frederick Keble? I shall depend upon you for some attention to this wandering pair. There is the signal for our leaving, is it not? I don't envy myself the passage back to town in this whirlwind and deluge combined. Good-by."

No other words were exchanged. Fred stood silently on the deck and watched Gladding and one or two others who with some difficulty boarded the pilot boat. In the same silence he saw it steam away, and turned then to the cabin.

"Sister pretty sick?" said Hill.

"Quite so," said Fred in a voice he hardly knew as his own, so hoarse and unnatural did it sound. "I must go to her now. In fact, I seem to have a cold myself and shall keep my room, I think. Good afternoon. We shall meet to-morrow probably if you are a good sailor."

Fred bowed and went down to the saloon, entering the state-room where Sylvia still lay breathing quietly, and sitting near her waited the moment when consciousness should return.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AUSTRIA and Hungary have for some time desired a more distinctively national hymn than the "Wacht am Rhein," and a prize of one hundred ducats was offered to that end by the *Deutsche Zeitung* of Vienna, which has just been taken by Joseph Winter, a young medical student.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE Greek Apologists of the second century have been unearthed by Professor Harnack, who is said to have thrown much light on the entire subject.

THE very popular little novel "Molly Bawn," issued anonymously, is by Mrs. Argles, an Englishwoman, one of a large sisterhood of minor novelists doing excellent work.

THE fine address delivered by Sir John Lubbock last August before the British Association at York under the title "Fifty Years of Science," has been printed by Macmillan & Co.

THE *Magazine of American History*, with which John Austin Stevens has so long been identified as editor, has passed into the hands of B. F. De Costa and Henry P. Johnson.

A UNIFORM edition of the miscellaneous works of John Stuart Mill is to be issued by Henry Holt & Co., preceded by Professor Bain's two books on father and son, both of which will shortly appear.

WILLIAM M. ROSSETTI will soon publish a supplementary volume to the three on the "Life and Works of Shelley," made up of the poems which Mr. Rossetti has decided to be in some senses autobiographical.

"THE PHILOSOPHY OF IMMORTALITY," a work by the Hon. Roden Noel, is about to appear in London, much of it being taken up with the phenomena of spiritualism, in which, in spite of great imposture, the author is convinced there is much truth.

THE husband of the poet Celia Thaxter has been for many years a devoted admirer of Robert Browning, has given readings from his works in Boston, and may be considered one of the few who really understand the poet in his most unintelligible moods.

THE overcrowded library of Congress added to its shelves last year some 23,000 volumes, 11,372 of these being by copyright alone. The books now fill every corner and vacant space on floors and in alcoves, and their use for reference is practically made impossible.

A. C. DATTON, an old New Yorker, is about to publish through G. W. Harlan a volume on the last days of Knickerbocker life. It may be doubted however if any reminiscences can take the place of Dr. Francis' "Old New York," as fresh to-day as twenty years ago.

THE South Kensington Museum is with two exceptions in entire possession of the Dickens MSS. The "Christmas Carol" is owned by a Mr. Bennett, of Birmingham, and that of "Our Mutual Friend" came into the possession of Mr. George W. Childs at a cost of \$1400.

THE memory of the author of "Waverley" is about to be honored in Rome by placing on the façade of the house on Mercede Square in which he lived for a time a tablet bearing the inscription "L'anno MDCCCXXXII, ultimo di sua vita, questa casa abito l'illustre romanziere Inglesce, Walter Scott."

THE pretty volume made for the baby daughter of an Oxford professor, and called in her honor "The Garland of Rachel," had many famous men for its contributors. But thirty-six copies were printed, one for the baby and one for each of the contributors, one of whom was Austin Dobson, whose share has just been published by *The Critic*.

MAT PROBYN, a signature to various verses which have been reprinted here from English journals, has been supposed to be a *nom de plume*, but proves the genuine name of the author, who is a young girl of seventeen, educated at Brussels, Belgium. From childhood she has been an inmate of the family of Westwood, the artist, one of those books for children is dedicated to her.

EDMONDO DE AMICIS has an even larger constituency of American than foreign readers, the translations of his brilliant sketches of travel published by G. P. Putnam's Sons giving all the characteristic sparkle of the original. "Morocco," the latest record of his wanderings, shows the same insight and picturesque power as his earlier books and is one of the most attractive of recent books of travel. "Cuban Sketches," by James W. Steele, a gossip account of a season in Cuba, being also almost equally entertaining.

ANY picturesqueness that William Black may find to chronicle in his coming novel of "Shandon Bells," must be of the past rather than the present, times having changed since the pretty lines were written on

"The bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee."

According to Joseph Hatton, "the bells of Shandon" ring out over as squalid a neighborhood as you might find in any great city. The old church which the bells have made famous is the centre of one of the poorest and most miserable of the purlieus of Cork, while the parish is made up of rookeries reeking with the foul odors from shambles and slaughter-houses, and of pestilential lanes lined with hovels.

SET FREE.

ENTERING by chance an upper unused room,
That looked upon a noisy city street,
Ere sight could penetrate its dusty gloom,
I heard a sound of insect wings that beat
And fluttered wildly on the window pane;
Then paused worn out, then beat and strove
again.
Searching, I found a regal butterfly,
All golden-russet, barred with velvet black,
Prisoned in sight of freedom, trees and sky.
Its bruised wings now wide spread now folded
back,
Caught 'twixt an outer and an inner frame,
It rose and fell and flickered like a flame.
With careful haste I drew the window down—
The half-bewildered captive fluttered free,
Hovered a moment o'er the sordid town,
Then circled sunward till I could not see.
O Death, thus wilt thou lift Earth's prison bars
And free our souls for flight beyond the stars!

LAURA D. NICHOLS.

EDELWEISS.

"I was born in my little abroods,
All woolly, warm and white;
I live in the mist and the cloud,
I live for my own delight.

"I see far beneath me crowd
The Alpine roses red,
And the gentian blue, sun-fed,
That makes the valley bright.

"I bloom for the eagle's eye,
I bloom for the daring hand;
I live unto God, and I die
Unto Him and at His command."

Do you know the Edelweiss, the rare and beautiful flower of the Alps? Its home is on the steepest and most inaccessible cliffs, and the daring mountaineer who risks his life to procure it calls it rightly the "royal white" of the mountains.

In one part of the great chain of the Tyrolean Alps a single peak rises conspicuously above its neighbors—a giant among his brothers. A snowy hood envelops his mighty head, and a heavy growth of fir and spruce forms a shaggy beard below which a green robe of beautiful pasture land sweeps down to the valley at his feet, where a rushing mountain stream leaps and tumbles like a child at play.

Under the shelter of the groves of fir and spruce stand a few rudely-built chalets whose roofs are dotted with great stones overgrown with moss. Connected with the chalets are sheds and accommodations for cattle, for this is where the shepherds of the valley pasture their flocks and garner hay and feed for winter use.

A middle-aged man, in the picturesque costume of the Alpine peasant, is busy before one of the sheds, and a young girl, also in peasant garb, stands before the door of the adjoining chalet, and shading her eyes with her hand gazes intently down the path leading to the valley.

"Well, Gretel," says the man, approaching her and speaking in the guttural but not unpleasant German of the Tyrol. "What dost thou seek?"

The girl started. "I cannot think why Hans is so late to-night, father."

"Never fear for Hans, my girl. He is as sure-footed as the chamois, and knows every pass of the mountain blindfold. But thou art pale, child. Thy mother must see rosier cheeks when we go down to the valley or she will never trust thee to my care again!"

He was interrupted by a loud, clear jodel re-echoing from cliff to cliff through the quiet mountain air. The girl sprang lightly down the path, the elder man following at a more leisurely gait. At the first turn she met the delinquent, a tall and sturdy young peasant, who bent to kiss her after their custom first on one cheek and then on the other.

He was a handsome fellow, this Hans, with his loose green jacket and his black leathern breeches, which were short enough to show the bare knee, tanned and ruddy from exposure. He carried an alpenstock in his hand, and a glossy cock's-plume nodded at the back of his pointed hat.

"Welcome, Hans," said his sister, but she started back in surprise when she saw that he was not alone, but followed by a young man of foreign dress and air, who paused panting and flushed from the unusual exertion of the steep ascent.

"Explain it to them, comrade," he said in the broken and hesitating accents of a foreigner.

Thus appealed to, Hans related simply how he had gone into the town of X. to sell his bunches of rare flowers, and had been stopped before the Gasthaus by a group of English tourists. The ladies had bought his flowers at a high price, and with the insatiable curiosity of travelers in foreign parts, as well as to his embarrassment, had besieged him with many eager queries as to

his home and manner of life. Finally this young man had touched him on the shoulder and said, "Take me back with you to your mountain, friend. Let me stay through the summer in your chalet, and you shall not lose by it."

"I smiled at the good jest," went on the honest Hans, "and told him our fare was coarse and our shelter comfortless for one of his kind. But he would not take no. He loves our mountains he says, and hopes to get strength and inspiration from them for his pictures, for that is his art. His English name is hard and strange, so he shall be called Herr Georg by us."

This point having been settled by Hans with quiet decision, the artist stranger was received without more formality into the simple hospitalities of the chalet, and soon adapted himself to their primitive ways. What a wonderful life it was! He breathed the exhilarating mountain air and was shut in but not imprisoned by these ancient sentinels. How silent they often were through days of dazzling sunshine and nights of clear, cold frost, and again how many-voiced as they echoed the wind and storm and avalanche, or repeated the wild jodel of the peasants.

He watched Reinhold, the elder peasant, and Hans toiling early and late with simple, faithful hearts at their menial tasks. Perhaps even more, as was natural, he watched Gretel moving with a light step about her little kingdom, lending to each of her household duties an unconscious dignity. The clouds that often lay beneath them, hiding the valley from sight, seemed—and he felt it almost with alarm—to be blotting out his old life with its achievements and interests, till they grew faint as a half-remembered dream. He thought of this mountain life as of a picture done with simple, masterly strokes and rich, pure coloring, and of his own, in comparison, as a piece of delicate *genre* painting, executed with feverish and morbid attention to detail and finish. And he strove to attain to the strength and serenity of those who had lived habitually on the heights.

Yet Gretel was human and companionable too. One day—a month must have passed since his arrival—she said to him with gentle solicitude, "I fear you will not have many sketches to show when you return to your country, my friend. This is a fine, clear day. Let me fetch your pencils and paper and you can get a rare outline of old Dreizacken opposite."

"But, Gretel, what a beautiful day to gather flowers, and you need the air. Let us climb to the point where the Edelweiss grows."

So her mild reproof was as usual unavailing.

"You see I am gathering inspiration, though my pencil and brush are idle," he explained to her as they swung themselves up to a bold promontory where red and pink rhododendrons blossomed in brilliant profusion. Gretel, always fleetest and surer than her companion, climbed rapidly to a still higher ledge and brought back in triumph a beautiful specimen of the pure and starlike Edelweiss with its strange woolly covering. Her face was flushed with exertion. Ordinarily it was so pale and transparent that he had sometimes compared her to the Edelweiss, though he had never told her so. Sometimes also, though not habitually, he had seen a sunrise in the Alps and his artist soul had thrilled, as even an inartistic soul must, at sight of that marvelous rose tint which touches and glorifies the cold, snowy peaks until they seem to glow with life. Of such a sunrise he thought now as he looked at the flush on Gretel's cheek. He was right. His artistic sense was by no means lying as dormant as she had fancied.

"What a beautiful world this is up here!" she said.

"If only it might remain so! But soon the winter will come and this happy summer be over, and there will be change and parting, Gretel."

"Yes," she said quietly.

The air, the place, the girl and the flowers wrought a sudden mood in him, a mood both daring and unpractical. "Is she formed of the white ice of the glaciers?" he thought; "can nothing thaw her frigid heart?" Then aloud, "But need there be parting, Gretel? When the cruel winter reigns here with its ice and snow, there is another land where a happy home and a bright hearth, and love and good cheer await our coming."

Ah, the sunrise glow was in her face again! He saw it and triumphed.

Then she turned her full gaze upon him without a trace of self-consciousness or dissimulation in it.

"Look at this Edelweiss, this child of

the mountains, placed here by God to bloom for Him. Do you not know how, when the covetous tourist has torn it from its native soil and transplanted it to his own, in spite of all the care and tenderness bestowed upon it, it droops and dies in the uncongenial soil? Shall we be deaf to the lesson it teaches us, my friend? No, I must live and die here in my mountains. It would wrong us both to do otherwise. Let us go down, for I hear already the tinkle of the cow-bells."

"Neighbor Bachmann has moved to-day to the chalet on the Dreizacken," said Reinhold that evening. "It is most unwise. Why, Herr Georg? Because it lies in an unprotected spot, and an avalanche might at any moment sweep down upon it. It has not happened for many years, but the snow is treacherous under this warm sun, and I would not trust my life there."

The next morning the artist sat on the bench before the chalet sketching more busily than he had done before since his arrival.

Gretel came out with a small basket on her arm. "I am going to carry some curds to Frau Bachmann and will return by noon," she said.

He followed her with his eyes till she disappeared over the meadow. An hour must have passed and still he sat musing. The morning was still calm and clear and only the distant tinkling of the cow-bells fell upon his ear. Suddenly he was startled by a dull rumbling. It could not be thunder, for the sky above him was cloudless. It grew louder and clearer. "Great God!" he cried aloud, "the avalanche! And," as old Reinhold's warning flashed upon him with horrible distinctness, "Gretel has gone to the dangerous spot."

With the swiftness of terror and despair he followed in the direction she had taken. Soon he came upon a group of awe-struck peasants, who had gathered at the first signal of the deadly messenger, but too late to warn the threatened family.

Bachmann's cabin with all its inmates had vanished from sight, and in its place spread a vast and pitiless field of ice and snow. Search was unavailing, as they knew by past experience and silently admitted to one another.

Gretel and her friends were laid to rest like the seer of Israel, and no man knew their sepulchre.

Repressing his own grief, the artist endeavored to comfort the unhappy father and brother in their overwhelming affliction.

"Your Gretel was like the pure Edelweiss," he said to them. "It blooms in beauty for a time and when its mission is fulfilled God gathers it painlessly to Himself."

"She is an angel of Paradise," said Reinhold weeping.

Thus her simple life was ended, and with the "royal white" of death on cheek and brow she rested in the shadow of the mountains she had loved.

At the winter exhibition in London there was one picture which attracted general attention. It was a crayon head of a pale, girlish face, with just a faint rose flush on the cheeks like the glow of sunrise on the snowy summit of the Alps. Beneath it was written the name—Edelweiss.

LILLIE A. MERCER.

So great a pest have field mice become in France that the evil has like many other evils at last forced a remedy. A curious little invention is the result, the *Delaplace en fumoir*, which is merely a contrivance for asphyxiating the mice with sulphur fumes. The instrument consists of two tubes, one sliding into the other, and the inner one having at the upper end a small fan-blower operated by hand by means of a cord and pulley, which forces air through the tube. Attached to the outer one is a nozzle and a compartment containing sulphurized rags, which are set on fire. At the same time the nozzle is thrust into the holes made by the field mice which are very quickly killed by the fumes in their galleries. It is necessary, however, in order to smoke only those holes that are inhabited, to close all that are discoverable the day before with melted tallow. The mice at once, finding air and access both shut off, proceed to make new ones, the freshly thrown up earth pointing out where work must be done. Troublesome as the operation is, the farmers who had before its invention met and resolved on some measures for poisoning at common expense have welcomed it with enthusiasm, the mice increasing with such frightful rapidity as to threaten a repetition of Bishop Hattor's experience.

THE STILL HOUR.

Good deeds in this world done,
Are paid beyond the sun,
As water on the root,
Is seen above in fruit.—*Oriental Poem.*

A BROKEN shell upon the strand am I,
Washed helpless to the gracious Saviour's feet;
His ear, inclined to hear the feeble cry,
Catches an echo, far away but sweet,
Of those great waves of love which brought me there.

Naught else have I to give, but I've no care,
For lo, He smiles! He asks for nothing more!
That song shall be eternal,
Like those waves along that shore.

Thomas O. Love.

To give the world a lift everywhere is the intellectual glory of the pulpit.—*Prof. Phelps.*

The gospel allies itself with all that is beautiful in the universe, as truly as with all that is noble and pure.—*Samuel Wolcott.*

PASSIVE agnosticism dwarfs the whole moral nature, and destroys every heroic impulse except that born of despair.—*Dr. Pullman.*

To him who possesses the faith-faculty, by which the truths and facts of the spiritual world are apprehended, the evidence for miracles is complete and unanswerable.—*E. W. Rice.*

To die is the most awful and majestic thing a human being is ever called upon to do. Too many people are driven at the last, and so depart in an undignified way.—*Chas. S. Robinson.*

If the individual is to be controlled he must be made to see that the law which controls him has its ground in reality and truth, and not in tradition or convenience or utility.—*E. G. Robinson.*

I KNOW not which is the greater miracle, the incarnation of the divine Christ or the growing influence of His example and teachings. It is easier to believe both than to discard either.—*T. K. Beecher.*

CONSIDER JESUS—how perfectly He united in Himself the necessary meditative side, and the necessary practical side of the true life. Rising a great while before day, He sought the mountain solitude for communion with the Father; then through the day unceasing and unceasing He went about doing good.—*Wayland Hoyt.*

It must ever be kept in mind that Christianity is a new life in Christ. The secret of it is to be found in the personal relation of the soul to Christ, a Person. In becoming Christians we yield ourselves completely to Him in sincere trust and obedience. And we are to become one with Him, in thought, in will, in sympathy, in desires and in work.—*S. J. Nicolls.*

POINT to the great works wrought by Christianity, the civilization it has built up, the social institutions it has founded and there are multitudes that will cheer and applaud, but present it as a system of practical truth bearing on the individual soul and they turn away from it. "Hosannas" are nothing, personal allegiance to Christ is everything.—*John Hall.*

A MAN whose eyesight was restored after twenty years of blindness said: "A new realm of existence is opened up to me. The world is no larger, but my life is." He described his conversion to Christ as similar, in that it was the opening of a new realm spiritual, which now for the first time he could realize and enjoy.—*J. M. P. Otts.*

WHEN the shower of stones began to fall upon him, Stephen cried, "I see the heavens opened." And this unveiling of divine things makes an exit from the world triumphant. Many a child sees visions of Jesus in death of which no patriarch or sage ever dreamed. To the crushed and oppressed Paradise opens above the pallet of straw, and the garret or the cellar becomes "the gate of heaven."—*Dr. Armistage.*

"GIVE us this day our daily bread" implies the great brotherhood of man. The bread question is the grand ever-present question. The need of bread is the world's common point, the focus of human activity, the bond of nations, the fusing point of humanity. All political economy resolves itself into this: "How shall every human being have his daily bread at a reasonable rate?" When that is solved society will be a perfect organization.—*Geo. Dana Boardman.*



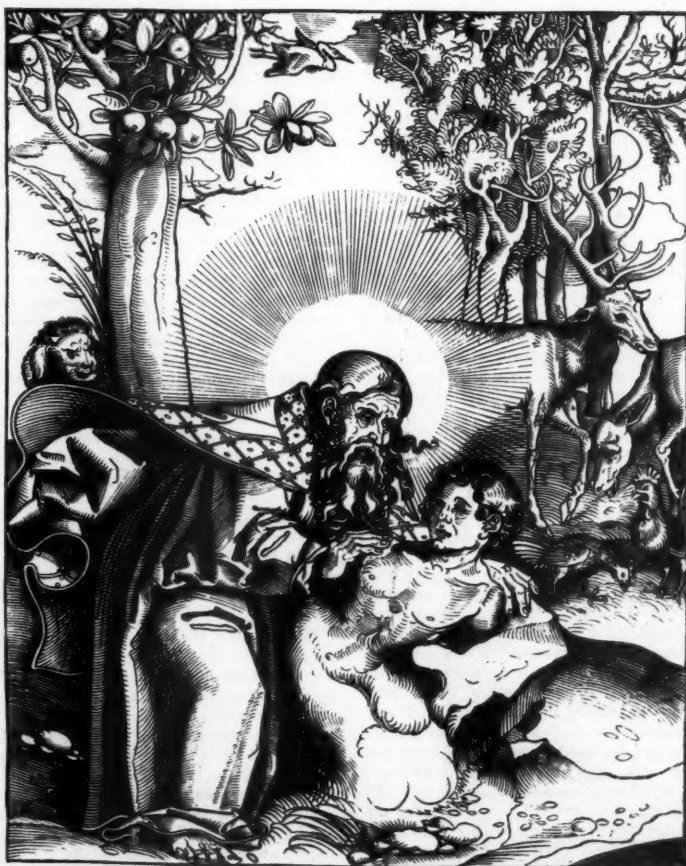
ATTRIBUTED TO FINIGUERRA. OBIT 1475.

Early Engravings.

THE prints copied on this page might be termed not inaptly "oddities of old art," but nevertheless they serve to illustrate the early history of engraving and of block-book printing, and are of great interest in that connection.

The St. Christopher is a fac-simile (except in dimensions) of the oldest woodcut known bearing a date. It was discovered by Heineken pasted within the cover of a fifteenth century book in the Chartreuse at Buxheim, near Memmingen, one of the most ancient of the convents of Germany. It is of folio size and colored, and we know from it with certainty that figures of saints and also of letters were engraved as early as the year 1423. It is more than likely that this print is Italian, possibly Venetian, although it was found in Germany and the inscription is in the German or black-letter character. The drapery is in a broad and flowing Italian style of design, and the cut is printed in pure black ink as was the Venetian practice; while the drapery of all early German art was stiff, angular and snatchy in its folds, and the ink of a brownish and faded hue. The black-letter inscription counts for nothing, because these characters were in frequent use through-

out Italy, especially on pictorial work. The print proves that printing characters from blocks was not the invention of Gutenberg, Faust, or Coster. The other woodcut of this page, Jacob's Ladder—or as it is inscribed "Angelus est visus Jacob in hoc valde gavisus" is from an early block book entitled "Biblia Pauperum" or Poor Man's Bible, believed to be of Dutch or Flemish origin and of unknown date. It has forty leaves of folio size printed by means of friction from the same number of engraved blocks of wood on one side of the paper only. These are placed face to face so that the blank sides of the paper also face each other as if intended to be pasted back to back. The subjects are triple on each page, and Jacob's ladder fills the right hand compartment of the thirty-ninth page. Engraving on wood appears to have been introduced into Europe by the Venetians from China, but whether the twin brother and sister Alexander and Isabella Cuno designed and engraved the Triumph of Alexander in 1284 at Ravenna must remain a question with doubting minds until some of the nine woodcuts attributed to them shall have been discovered. The two other subjects are fac-similes of engraving on metal. The circular one is of the same size as the original in the Grey collection of prints in the Art Museum of Boston. It is attributed to Tomaso Finiguerra, the Florentine goldsmith, who was undoubtedly the inventor of the art of printing on paper from engraved metal plates. Being credited by Bartsch and other authorities, and being also unique, a very high price was paid for it—report says \$3000. But judging Finiguerra by the style of the work that is unquestionably his, it is not likely that this inferior production can be from his hand. He acquired a high degree of skill as a designer under the instruction of Masaccio, the best artist in Florence at that time, from the study of whose works even Raffaele derived improvement. So accomplished an artist as the Florentine goldsmith and engraver could never have drawn such a neck as that



CREATION OF ADAM. HANS SPRINGINKLEE. OBIT 1540.

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JACOB'S LADDER. 15TH CENTURY.



ST. CHRISTOPHER, 1423.

between the head and shoulders of the man in the cut, to say nothing of the feeble and uncertain drawing of the lower limbs of the female figure. In the inner circle of the print appear the armorial bearings of the Medici family with the six pellets. The sixth pellet decorated with the fleur-de-lis, was not added until the year 1533, when Catherine di Medici was betrothed to the young Dauphin of France. Finiguerra died in 1475, fifty-eight years earlier. Still the

pellets, being drawn with pen and ink, not engraved, may have been added long after the print was made, by some one in whose possession it happened to be for a time. In my opinion the engraving is probably by Baccio Baldini, a pupil of Finiguerra, from a design by Sandro Botticelli, judging by its style.

The Creation of Adam is an engraving on metal and extremely curious, but whether by Hans Springinklee, to whom it has been attributed, I am uncertain. The head and trunk of Adam are all that has been constructed so far but consciousness is already there, for the face turns to the Creator with a piteous expression as if the process was attended with suffering. The pre-Adamite animals are seen about, and among them the lion eyeing discontentedly the creation of a new master. This print, like the St. Christopher, has been colored.

JOHN SARTAIN.

ART OF ADORNMENT.

LADY HABBERTON'S "RATIONAL GOWN."

THERE is something about the word "reform" that strikes terror to the average breast, and when used in connection with dress freezes feminine blood and causes feminine hair to stand on end. Why? Reform is a good word. It ought to signify whatever is best for the human race. Perhaps this is the reason why the human race rebels, being singularly unanimous in the opinion that whatever is naughty must be nice, and that reform infers the abolition of pleasure. As regards dress there is but one popular verdict. Reform is synonymous with ugliness, if not with masculinity. And there is ground for this belief. The *avant gardes* of revolution are targets for ridicule. They seem to attract eccentricity as magnets attract steel filings. All the maniacs, all the long-haired unbinged men and the short-haired loud-talking women swarm around them and bring their cause into disrepute. It is a fearful penalty to pay for being somewhat ahead of one's time and is calculated to disgust the fastidious. Only divine courage can face the world with a startling idea. What women are by nature it would be presumptuous to declare, nature so far having had very little and custom and society having had a great deal to do with my sex. The feminine product evolved from six thousand years of absolute subjection—absolute at least until the advent of Christian civilization—does not look kindly upon innovations. Women in general are conservative in politics, religion and society. They frown upon change unless it be a fashion. Hence their horror of reform in dress, which is the antipodes of fashion. The feminine mind at once pictures a very ugly, angular woman in green glasses and male attire, looking like neither sex and acting like an escaped lunatic. American attempts at dress reform have utterly overlooked the important fact that no costume will be acceptable to our sex that is *outré* or unbecoming. As the reform dress of this country took its rise and fall in "bloomers," I was not a little curious to gaze upon the recent invention of Lady Habberton, which she and her friends are wearing and advertising in Great Britain. The arrival at the Co-operative Dress Association of Lady Habberton's model in a costume that recently took the silver medal at the Brighton Exhibition, England, enables me to tell "OUR CONTINENT" what the invention is like and whether it will be popular.

On casual inspection the "Rational Gown" resembles an ordinary suit as much as one pea resembles another, but there is a radical difference. Lady Habberton has evidently been actuated by a desire to do away with tight lacing and to lessen the weight carried by the hips. This desire is commendable, as the health of posterity depends upon female lungs and loins. The "Rational Gown" is divided into four parts. First comes a neat silk blouse plaited perpendicularly down the front like a shirt and finished at the neck with a turn-down collar. Above is worn a jacket cut away in front so as to show the blouse, the back fitting and looking like an ordinary basque. Coat sleeves terminate with lace trimming. Surely there is nothing remarkable so far. Where then is the novelty? In the skirt. To avoid the necessity of petticoats Lady Habberton has devised an underskirt which is in reality a commodious pair of Turkish trousers so open and wide at the bottom as when worn to lose every appearance of trousers, being trimmed to the knee with kilt-plaitings. This novelty is covered by an overskirt with tablier and looped-back drapery.

Is the "Rational Gown" sensible? Yes. For women who like freedom of action it is well suited. For walking in the country, for mountain-climbing it is excellent, as it can be made quite short. That it will become an epidemic I do not believe, as no woman in the present style of dress need lace or over-weight herself unwillingly, and Lady Habberton's invention has little *raison d'être* for city wear. In mud and rain it is easier to gather up skirts in one hand than to grapple with trousers. Lady Habberton, therefore, has not solved a problem. She has simply added a utility gown to woman's wardrobe that has the merit of looking extremely well, if not being absolutely pretty. It is worth consideration by residents of the country.

KATE FIELD.

NOTES ON DRESS.

Lace and embroidery that imitates lace are the leading trimmings.

Demi-toilettes are now frequently made of

faille, black faille being the preferred fabric. The return of this silk to favor is hailed with satisfaction. The favorite black faille costume is made with a short skirt trimmed with plaited flounces shirred at the top. Over this is looped a short tablier that forms a pouf in the back under the jacket bodice. This bodice is double-breasted and is fastened with a double row of buttons. Every style of trimming is allowable on such dresses, but black lace and jet are preferred.

The dolman *veste* remains the popular Spring wrap. Those exhibited by the Co-operative Dress Association of black satin merveilleux, black brocade and black moiré, and ranging in price from \$25 to \$50, are trimmed with black lace, fringes, passementerie and fourages. They are of medium length.

The English walking jacket in cloth, cheviot and light wool cloaking stuffs, continues to be the leading utility wrap.

Worth arranges trains in fan plaits. Dusezeau affects the long, plaited coat train. For bridal robes, trains are the rule.

A pretty toilet worn at an Easter wedding by one of the guests—a young married woman—was of sapphire blue satin with all its trimmings of the same material. The train and bodice only were of satin, brocaded with flowers of moiré; the train was lined and turned up with reverse of the plain satin. The bodice was deeply vandyked back and front. The buttons were of imitation sapphires set in silver filagree.

Knox's gentlemen's driving gloves are of Cape goat skins lined with chamols. The colors are Chaudron shades, double stitched with scarlet silk. The wrists are of two button lengths, but are fastened with only one large gilt button.

The prevailing colors for gentlemen's gloves for day wear are dark shades of tan, bronze and Chaudron. Evening gloves come in shades of pale copper, terra cotta, amber and buff. They are stitched with self-colored silk as a rule, but a contrasting color, scarlet or dark brown, is also admissible.

Jacque roses and violets are the popular flowers. The calla takes its place beside the sunflower with the esthetes. More callas have been sold this Spring than ever before. So say the florists.

The "open D'Orsay's curl" of Knox's hats with the crown a little more bell form than last season is the accepted style for gentlemen's silk hats, opera hats and ladies' riding hats. Gentlemen's hats must be 6 1/2 inches deep in the crown and from 1 1/2 to 2 inches wide in the brim, while ladies' hats must be 5 1/2 inches in the crown and 1 1/2 inch in the brim.

Among English walking hats for ladies is one copied from an old portrait of Queen Elizabeth in an archery costume. The hat is small, semi-conical, brimless, and with the crown deeper in the back than in front. It covers the back of the head, while the front looks like a small helmet with the visor raised. The only trimming for this hat is gold cord or braid on the visor, knotted in the back over a flat tassel. On the left side is placed jauntily a single stiff feather from the wing of an eagle, a wild turkey or a blue heron. It will probably be the archery hat of the coming season.

English walking hats are as a rule in very large sizes. The shapes are eccentric but picturesque, being copied from the portraits of the beauties of the days of Vandyke, Rubens, Sir Peter Lely and Sir Joshua Reynolds. They are trimmed with feathers only, no flowers.

English walking sticks, novelties, have knobs of Mount Blanc quartz crystal, of porcelain, tortoiseshell and agates of fine quality. Some have crutch heads, others shepherd's crook heads of silver, of walrus and hippopotamus teeth and buffalo and buck's horn tipped with gold or silver. The sticks are of Irish black thorn, ash root, snake wood and bamboo.

Riding canes for both ladies and gentlemen are of whangle and bamboo, black thorn, Malacca thorn and rhinoceros horn, beautifully polished and shaped. Some have a small spur in lieu of a lash at the tip; most of them have only a chamols loop. The heads are of gold, silver, quartz crystals, agate, shell and porcelain. Fantastic carved heads of pugs and horse heads and other devices appear on some of the riding canes.

At the opening of the spring and summer dress goods of the Co-operative Dress Association, the first important opening of the season, the display of silks, velvings, chevots, cashmeres, suitings, gingham, satens and percales, embraced every variety and style that has been described in the dress notes of "OUR CONTINENT," beside many stuffs belonging to the indescribable, no-name shades and combinations that are now classed as esthetic fabrics.

Manilla straws will be the popular hats for men's summer wear. They come in four different shades, copper, gold, olive and natural color, and in five different shapes, suitable for all ages.

Among coming ornaments are the yellow flowers and deep green leaves of the pumpkin vine reproduced in plush. Small fruits of all kinds, including tiny oranges and Ogeechee limes in all the "greenery, gallery" tints, are found among the artificial flower, fruit and leaf productions of this season.

One of the prettiest esthetic shades is produced by a mixture of pink, pale green and wood and dead leaf shades. The result is an indefinable flush resembling nothing in nature or art so closely as the appearance of trees in early spring when bursting into leaf and blossom. It might be termed the spring bloom shade. Perhaps the Easter tint would describe it better.

A BIRD DRAMA.

TOWARD the end of May last year I had the rare opportunity of watching from beginning to end a little affair in the sparrow family; and I wish to say in beginning that although I may not have interpreted them correctly the events took place exactly as I shall tell them. Nothing is exaggerated, and nothing could be plainer, to my eyes, than the motions and emotions of the little creatures I so closely watched. That I was able to follow the small drama to its end was because of the fortunate position of the family, remote from other sparrow nests and in full view of the window I occupied.

The first intimation I had of trouble was the loud and persistent chirping of a sparrow, a cry of distress. For some time I could not get sight of him, but just at evening when I was looking closely at a pear tree from which the sound came a cock-sparrow flew out alighting on the peak of a low roof in my sight, and resumed at once the very sound I was in search of. He was the one in trouble, and the reason was plain—he had lost a leg.

He stayed on the roof some time, uttering at short intervals the pitiful cry of distress, and at last flying to the pear tree again established himself in an angle formed by two twigs starting horizontally from the same point. Here he settled himself comfortably after some fluttering and here remained.

The first thing in the morning I heard the sorrowful cry again and hastened to the window to see how he was this morning and if possible find out where he lived. He had left the tree and seated himself on the ledge over a false window plainly visible from my chair. The sill, the upper ledge and the edge of the roof overhead were the scene of the whole drama that followed. From his at-home manner in that spot I concluded that he lived near, for I have noticed that sparrows usually have a particular place on which to alight before going into the nest. They perch a moment, look around, flirt the tail and then dash into the house.

While I watched him a hen sparrow alighted near him, scolding harshly, upon which he flew away and she followed. He alighted upon the pear tree, she perched near him and talked to him, not in the scolding tone that had driven him away from the ledge, but in a remonstrating or arguing tone. He answered her in a low conversational chirp, but when she drew nearer he again took wing.

This went on at intervals all day. She did not appear to be angry and trying to drive him away, nor did she seem to be sympathetic with his trouble. It looked as if she was urging him to do something, I could not make out what. He kept almost entirely to the ledge and the sill, and now I saw where they lived. It was in a thick clump of honeysuckle vines that ran over a doorway not more than three feet from the sill where he had taken his position. Once or twice on this day he entered the honeysuckles, when there ensued a great chattering and he soon came out.

It was pitiful to see the poor little creature and hear his loud cry all day. He lay flat on his breast, often his head drooped and I thought he was dying. Every little while the hen would come to visit him, alighting near him, sometimes quietly talking, sometimes scolding, on which he would fly away. To-day also I saw that the hen carried food into the honeysuckles, and I concluded she had babies to feed, and perhaps her remonstrances with him had been that he did not help. Evidently she had a good deal on her hands, hungry babies and a disabled spouse.

He was very awkward on his one leg, could not stand up a moment and when he moved used his wings violently. Several times he fell off the window sill, but caught himself by means of his wings and flew back. Much of the time he lay with his bill open and seemed so weak I thought he could not live another day. But the next morning a new emotion came to brace him up, inducing him to do what Mrs. Dombey failed in—"make an effort."

Madam evidently made up her mind to shake off a useless partner, and early in the day a rival appeared on the scene. The cock who assumed this despicable roll was a tumbled up sort of a fellow, who looked as though he needed a wife to keep his coat in order, and I had my doubts whether that little hen had made a wise choice. He would alight on the sill, One-leg being on the ledge above. Here he would plant himself in a dogged way, in a crouching attitude, and call, though not with the least spirit. His feathers were ruffled, not bristled up in anger or in fighting humor; and

in fact I could not resist the conviction that he was a hen-pecked coward ordered to go out and fight, and dutifully, but not heartily, obeying.

The knowing bird on the ledge evidently despised him. He answered him, call for call and louder than his challenger, but did not deign to touch him till the ragged-looking fellow attempted to enter the honeysuckles, when instantly the little hero flew furiously at him and he retired. Then madam came out and scolded him, and he returned to his ledge to rest and get his breath.

After awhile another candidate for her favor arrived on the sill. This was a different looking bird; for much alike as are sparrows there are differences of manner and looks readily seen on close examination. The second wooer was as bright and full of life as a bird could be. No crouching down in this case, no weak forced challenge. He looked saucily at the unfortunate he had come to cut out, bristled up and delivered his call in a loud, defiant tone, and was ready to battle at once for the home in the honeysuckles. This fellow too was a different foe in the eyes of the poor little cock on the ledge. He did not answer his challenge; he crouched low against the house; his head sank, and I thought he was dying.

So perhaps did the rival, for he flew boldly into the vines. That roused the drooping hero. In defense of his hearthstone he would rise almost from the dead. He flew instantly and drove him away, returning at once to his post. After a little madam herself alighted on the sill with the rival in full view of her despised spouse; but he put them to rout like a whirlwind.

On this day he took up a new stand, on the very corner of the roof, where he could overlook the window and also see the honeysuckle vines from both sides. There he would lie a long time calling and driving away those who presumed to interfere with his domestic affairs. This was an exciting day about the honeysuckles, full of challenges, scoldings, furious attacks and probably, too, suffering, for the little hero often seemed exhausted and I feared he would not survive his accumulated calamities.

Once, toward night, madam alighted in the usual place with one who was plainly a lover. He began to puff out his feathers and assume the airs of a suitor, when down upon him from his post on the roof came the avenging husband and drove him away in a twinkling. The hen did not fly, however, and her spouse alighted near her. She began to scold, but he tried to make love to her. "Come," said his manner, "let's make up; I shall not always be so helpless as now." But every time he tried to approach her she turned her bill toward him, talking vigorously. "You're a good-for-nothing," one could almost hear her say; "you'll neither help me yourself nor let any one else, and here I'm nearly worked to death and the babies like to starve." Then he coaxed again, but she refused him harshly and flew to the nest.

This curious scene took place toward evening, but the next morning things had changed. He was better and brighter every way, could get about much more easily on his one leg and I saw no more of rivals. He went in and out of the honeysuckles quite often. Sometimes he was greeted by a scolding and sometimes by the fine chirping of the little ones, but he went as often as he chose. Under this new aspect of things he began to woo back his mate, and after awhile she would come out on the window sill in amiable mood and great love-making went on. Evening closed on restored peace and harmony in the little household.

The next morning the little hero was able to hop upon the greenhouse roof for crumbs, standing up partly on his single leg, though his movement was a queer one-sided sort of jerk, which gave him a most comical air. Now his spouse accompanied him to the ground and the pear tree, as do all decorous sparrow wives, and before noon both devoted themselves to the charming task of teaching the little ones to fly.

Often during the day I saw one little fussy sparrowing squatted on the window sill which had been the scene of his papa's suffering and pain, another on the greenhouse roof, both shrieking for food, for help, for the world to see how bravely they got on, while the busy mamma coaxed them in vain to try another flight, alternately encouraging with a crumb or reproving with a slight peck on the head, and the one-legged hero—his troubles now happily at an end—perched on the edge of the roof, peering over with greatest interest at the pretty scene.

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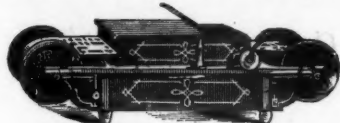
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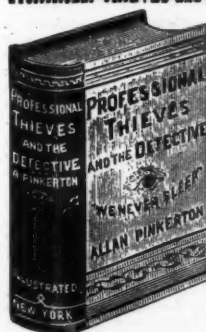
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WHY MEETING DIDN'T BREAK.

It may not be known to the reader that Friends' meeting is dismissed, when the worship is over, by two aged Friends, who are known as the "Heads of Meeting," shaking hands with each other. In any Friends' meeting house on First-day an observer may see the worshippers sit in perfect quietness—excepting when there is a sermon or a prayer—until one of the heads of meeting extends his hand to the other, who clasps it and shakes it. Then everybody gets up and goes home without a word of dismissal. But until the hand-shaking occurs no Friend would think of moving from his seat.

A few Sundays ago Elias Warner and Thomas Brown sat as usual at the head of Bonnyberg Meeting. The meeting had been in session about an hour and nobody had spoken. Elias had his head bowed forward, resting upon his cane. Thomas's face looked downward so that his broad-brim hat almost hid it from view.

People began to wonder why they did not shake hands and break meeting, and some, even of the old Friends who had been disciplined to patience by half a century of meetings, became a little restless and fidgety.

Suddenly a faint snore came from the place where the heads of meeting sat. The worshippers looked up with surprise. The painful fact then appeared that Elias Warner was asleep. When Thomas Brown heard the snore he looked calmly around and then put his head quietly back, with his forehead on his hands, and his hands on his cane.

The Friends saw there was no hope of getting away until Elias should wake up, so they made up their minds, in their usual amiable fashion, to endure the wrong in peace.

So Elias slumbered and snored calmly along for about half an hour, when a fly that was promenading about on his nose happened to buzz into his nostril, whereupon Elias suddenly awoke, sat up with a jerk, cleared his throat, and tried to look as if he had not been asleep at all.

The meeting drew a long breath of relief, and there was a little bustling movement indicating that the Friends expected to go home at once.

Elias Warner noticed the fact and he extended his hand to Thomas Brown. Thomas took no notice of it. The meeting looked at the operation with intense anxiety. Just then, amid the breathless silence another faint snore was heard!

It is painful to have to admit such a thing, but the fact is Thomas had dropped off into a gentle slumber while he was waiting for Elias to wake up.

The meeting began to feel indignant. Some of the old Friends scowled. William Benton leaned over and suggested to George Watkins to get up and prod the sleeper with his umbrella, but George would rather have died than to do anything so irregular. There were young and sinful Friends who thought of going out of the meeting without waiting for it to break, but they contented themselves by coughing loudly and shuffling their feet.

But Thomas went swimming along in placid peace through the land of dreams, and his snore grew louder and louder until it vibrated like a miniature fog-horn through the room.

The Friends whose dinners were getting cold at home were growing excited. Suppose Thomas should sleep for an hour! Suppose before he woke Elias Warner should drop off for another snooze! The situation began to grow serious. Even Elias himself felt a little perturbation, and some observers thought they detected in him a movement to scourg Thomas with his elbow. But he didn't. He remained quiet, trying to appear as if he were wrapped in the most solemn meditation.

Thus half an hour or more passed, the Friends meanwhile getting madder and madder.

Suddenly Thomas Brown was heard to laugh in his sleep. Then he exclaimed:

"Hannah, why don't thee get the pie?"

Then his eyes opened, and as the wicked boys in the meeting laughed he sat up, blushed crimson, grasped Elias Warner's hand hurriedly and sailed swiftly out of the meeting to hide his confusion.

The managers of Bonnyberg Meeting intend to reorganize on a basis that will put younger men at the head of the meeting after this.

MAX ADLER.

SURGERY AND MUSIC.

PERHAPS science is advancing a little too rapidly. The surgeons have just discovered that by severing a tendon the third finger of the hand may be permitted to acquire greater facility in playing upon the piano. It has been recognized that something or other was the matter with the great mass of piano-players in this suffering country. Men who have spent in anguish the long hours which the girl next door devoted to what she called "practicing" have felt that a frightful obstruction of one kind or another would have to be surmounted before she could decently characterize as music the sounds evoked from the instrument. That tendon is now alleged to have been the cause of the difficulty. But there is room for reasonable doubt if it is responsible for the whole of the trouble. There are exasperated persons capable of hinting darkly that a surgical operation which does not remove the brains of the average player and supply improved ones, will fail to effect a reform. The presence in the hand of that restraining tendon really seems to suggest that Nature intended that girls and men should not play upon the piano. There is no tendon to restrain people from making pie or from sawing wood. The things that the hand was designed to do it can do without being sawed and reset. Outraged Nature mutely protests against the murder of "The Maiden's Prayer" and of variations of airs from "Patience" by the millions of hands that struggle through these compositions with ineffective third fingers. The surgeons have now come to set the fingers free from the restraints of beneficent Nature, and to give them "facility." This seems to mean that two vigorous fingers are to be added to every pair of hands that are already engaged in banging the piano. There are men who have listened through weary days of pain to the effects



THE NEW PICTURE.

Perpetual Nuisance (five years of age)—"Sister, is that a picture of you and Doctor Sharpe?"

Sister—"No, you silly boy, of course it isn't!"

P. N.—"Well, anyway, it is just as you looked the other day in the library when you thought I was asleep."

produced by the six fingers and two thumbs of the practicing girl, who will thirst for the blood of the surgeon who found that he could increase that finger power twenty-five per cent.

There is, however, a gleam of hope. The well-known and especially offensive young man who imagines that he is learning to play upon the flute may conceive the notion that the defective construction of his windpipe is responsible for his failures, and he may persuade somebody to operate upon that organ with a carving knife. There are always compensations. The man who deceives himself with the notion that he can sing tenor, and who is a burden to his relatives and friends, may imagine that the construction of his lung is faulty and may have an incision into it made. Thus persons of his class may gradually be thinned out and the lives of the rest of us made happier. And as the fashion of improving upon nature by use of the surgeon's knife gains headway a blessing may come even to editors. The depraved people who attempt to write humorous articles may conceive that they will gain by having their "funny" bones cut into, and so will be crippled for life. This, however, is but a faint hope. The stupider a man is the more thoroughly he is convinced, generally speaking, that he can express himself in an amusing manner upon paper.

ESTRAYS.

—PATRICK (dressing for a party)—"Bedad now, and I sha'n't be able to get on these boots till I've worn thim a toime or two."

—THE reason that a baggage-man recently hurled himself from a fourth-story window was that he was insane and thought he was a trunk.

—"I've been heron bad things about you," said one big bird to another. "Let's stork about something else," was the response.—*Exchange.*

—THE only difference between an ex-vice president and a lost polar ship is that the hunting is all after the ship. No one ever tries to find the vice-president.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—BOSTON *Courier Bulletin*: During a dearth of news in a Western newspaper office the office cat was jammed into the job press, and the editor immediately set up the following headlines: "Dreadful Accident—Nine Lives Lost!"

—A CONNECTICUT boy was sent by his mother to a neighbor's house for a cup of sour milk. On being told that there was none but sweet milk to be had he helped himself to a chair and said: "Well, I'll wait till it sours." He secured the championship for laziness.

—THE doctor told a Vermont woman whose husband was sick that a certain medicine wouldn't keep, and as she didn't give it all to him she took it herself, so as not to have it wasted. Vermont folks are not disgustingly wasteful.—*Boston Post.*

—A PROVIDENCE woman contrived to get a false advertisement of her enemy's death into the papers, with the age set down at 88 years and the "Miss" inserted to remind the reader that she was still unmarried. Murder isn't savage enough for some folks.

—A BUSINESS MAN meets on the street a gentleman well known in the walks of journalism and beer. "I have been given a note to collect," the former says. "It is worth 250 francs and bears your name." "Has it been protested?" "No." "Then it is not mine."—*Paris paper.*

—"How are you and your wife coming on?" asked a Galveston man of a colored man. "She has run me off, boss." "What's the matter?" "I is to blame, boss. I gave her a splendid white silk dress, and den she got so proud she had no use for me. She loved I was too dark to match de dress."

—"SIXTEEN years married and still happy!" cried a henpecked husband, incredulous. "Sixteen years married and to-day happier than ever," answered the happy married man. "You set me in astonishment!" "Without reason. My wife ran away six months after the wedding with another man."—*The Omnibus.*

—"Oh, Mrs. Ramebotham!" exclaimed a learned professor, to whom that excellent lady had been relating one of her most extraordinary adventures. "Oh, Mrs. Ramebotham, you must be joking!" "Indeed I'm not, professor," she returned. "I assure you I was speaking quite seriously." She liked to talk Latin to a professor.

—WE remember once recording the fact that a little boy said that soda water tastes like your foot's asleep, but now comes a boy who says that weiss beer is thawed sandpaper. This reminds us of a Yankee on the Pacific Ocean who for the first time got a mouthful of Chili peppers. When the tears dropped he gasped, "For the love of heaven, no more needles and pins on toast."—*Exchange.*

—A BOY was observed the other day riding a weary-looking bay nag and shivering like unto one who has been stricken with the ague. A man who happened to notice this frigid appearance asked him why he didn't get off and walk to warm himself up. "I would," replied the youthful diplomatist, "but it's a borrowed horse." It took the pedestrian seven minutes, by the nearest thermometer, to comprehend the boy's answer, but he finally decided that it was a pure case of human nature.—*St. Louis Hornet.*

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